THE COMMONWEAL

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NEW CRIMES AND OLD MORALS

IN considering such occurrences as the Shepherd-McClintock murder case in Chicago, it is always imperative to bear in mind the big question-mark that overshadows them until they become the subject of a verdict by a trial jury. To prejudice the fate of accused persons by hasty acceptance of evidence and deduction of conclusions, may sometimes be only less wicked than the original crime alleged.

But comment is always in order on new phenomena in the field of criminal activity, consideration of the general principles involved and the necessary reactions of society. It is with no idea of settling the issues off-hand that we would direct attention to the present case. The men now under indictment may be able to establish their innocency. It is a natural impulse to hope that they may be able to do so.

There can be no doubt, however, that the indictment found against them brings society face to face with a new form of crime, a novel and dangerous form of homicide as a contingency of everyday life. And public opinion is keyed up to excited manifestations over it. Nothing can be more natural than the horror which this possible method of murder arouses, and it is the fashion of the day, when a new evil or possibility of evil appears, to cry out clamorously for laws and regulations and public warnings of all sorts to prevent a rapid extension of the new atrocity.

Now these stirrings of the popular mind and conscience are right and natural. There is something horrible about the notion of the fruits of science, the blessing of progress being turned into a new weapon of inhumanity. That the laborious devotion which has been exerted to save life and cure human ills should be used in the most cowardly way to take away life for the most sordid of reasons, is at once an insult to Divine Providence and a base betrayal of humanity. Horror and condemnation of such perversity are certain to reach the limit of intensity. But it does not follow that any wave of pessimism as regards the standards of the age or the decline of the human race, is warranted by the facts, should they prove true even in the fullest sense. It is unfortunately true that there are always and in all places a few examples of excess of perversion, ready, eager to take advantage of all that is best in human life for purposes of evil. The history of crime through the ages is that here and there a few, a very few, have been found using scientific discovery and mechanical invention to carry out plans of greed, cruelty and murder.

The poisoner by disease germs of today—if he really exists—is the lineal descendant of the poisoners of many centuries gone by, and he is the first cousin of the hold-up man and the burglar who has

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turned the modern motor car into an efficient instrument of plunder with incidental assassination.

In reality, there is an element of encouragement, a factor making for confidence in human nature at large, when we realize how small the number of persons is who give way to such temptations as modern life affords to the ill-disposed. The present alleged crime is, in fact, almost unique in the doings of the day, although reflection will suggest that opportunities for it must be not infrequent, and proof of guilt at least as difficult to secure as in the cases of the older poisons which have had their lamentable—but also it must be observed—limited vogue in the past. In a word, it is plain that men are not half so bad, not half so prone to evil, as hasty generalizations incline people, in moments of crisis, to assume.

Of course, this Chicago case has brought out a vast array of preventive measures and suggestions. New laws to govern scientific experiment are proposed. New inspections of hospitals and laboratories, new licensing systems, new demands for permits under stringent limitations for possession of, or work with, dangerous germs of disease. Really, the uselessness of such restrictions must be evident and a little clear thinking should show their inferiority to broad, old-fashioned methods of moral teaching. Restrictions of the kind now urged can plainly have little or no effect to check those unfortunate beings who are seized with the impulse to crime. They may hamper study and impede research; but they cannot hinder the furtive activities of the intending criminal.

This is part and parcel of the same dangerous movement everywhere so apparent in the United States—to attempt the cure of all our social ills by the multiplication of laws, regulations, commissions, committees, societies, and similar devices. The best that can be said of the best of these measures is that they are only lotions or poultices—exterior treatments of ills that are interior. They are efforts to deal with symptoms and results rather than with causes. Such methods are typical of modernist thought and practice. In that very remarkable book of his, Democracy and Leadership, Professor Irving Babbitt, in dealing with this modernist reliance on legislative and red-tape bureacracy, has some highly pertinent remarks—

"We do need, however, if we are to gain any hold on the present situation, to develop a little moral gravity and intellectual seriousness. We shall then see that the strength of the traditional doctrines, as compared with the modernist position, is the comparative honesty with which they face the fact of evil. We shall see that we need to restore to human nature in some critical and experimental fashion the 'old Adam' that the idealists have been so busy eliminating. A restoration of this kind ought not to lead merely to a lapse from naturalistic optimism into naturalistic pessimism; nothing is easier than such a lapse and nothing at bottom is more futile. Both attitudes are about equally fatalistic and so undermine moral responsibility. A survey of the facts would suggest that man is morally responsible, but that he is always trying to dodge this responsibility; that what he suffers from, in short, is not fate in any sense of the word, but spiritual supineness. There may be truth in the saying that the devil's other name is inertia. Nothing is more curious than to trace historically the way in which some great teaching like that of Christ or Buddha has been gradually twisted until man has adjusted it more or less completely to his ancient indolence."

The true remedy for all these modern evils, these scientific divagations, is the old one of broad moral education. The true preventive of germ murder, as of any sort of murder or any sort of crime, is the building up of character; the making of aloofness from criminal desire or impulse, innate repugnance to crime of all sorts, an ingrained quality in the mental and moral being of every man and woman.

Character is composite, but it should be consistent and cohesive. To train doctors or laboratory workers against the temptations of microbian murder would be absurd. The need goes further back to the fundamentals of education. The microbe detail should be no more nor less in the make-up of the modern scientific worker than the arsenic detail, or than the lying detail, the thieving detail, or any other temptation to wrong-doing in the make-up of the ordinary man. This is the educational problem of the age about which there is so much talk—just another facet of it. The remedy for all disorders and crimes is the true building up of the youth of the country, of the world. The great traditional body of sound morals and high principles must be engrafted into their souls.

This is not merely a religious function; it is essentially humane. The two branches of education—the religious and the secular—meet along this line. It is because of its moral significance that the element of the beautiful, the genial, in secular education has its highest value. The lesson of the two together is that life is good in itself; that its highest values are all in the spiritual sphere. The adornments of life, the pleasures of life, are all to be found in honorable purpose and benevolent intent; devotion to the laws of God and man because they are the supreme good; and it is quite impossible to realize one's own nature, outside their exercise, in any high degree.

To those who are brought up in this way, microbe murder is impossible, just as is any other sort of murder or any form of crime. Character is character, and it controls action. But no minor set of motives of expediency or convenience can be used in creating it. To rebuild society on a basis of high character, training in school and college, in intercourse among men—education, religious and secular, must go back to the fundamentals.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THIS year the University of Notre Dame, in conferring the historic Laetare Medal, has singled out a man of science. Incidentally it has cast a ray of light into a rather palpable darkness. Albert F. Zahm is a student and inventor whose name means very little to the general public, although he was associated with the beginnings of aeroplane making, and has no little authority in aeronautic circles. His late brother, Rev. John A. Zahm, was one of the most observant of American travelers, a friend of Roosevelt, and the author of many scholarly volumes. The choice made by Notre Dame merits approval. On the whole, no honor conferred upon American Catholic laymen has so much prominence or such rich traditional associations as the Laetare Medal. And it is only meet and just that the donors should occasionally pass by the more popular names of literary and political celebrities for the sake of calling attention to less noted—yet eminently worthy—engineers and scientists.

THE sensational statements as to the practice of psychoanalysis given to the press by Mr. Charles Francis Potter, pastor of the West Side Unitarian Church of New York in last Sunday's New York World, will not come altogether as a surprise to those who possess some knowledge, at first or second hand, of the abuses perpetrated on their victims by real or pretended professors of the new cult in our big cities. Some of the cases cited by Mr. Potter, including, as they do, extortion and the corruption of youth, would seem to call for the intervention of the law. But not a whit less painful to contemplate are others for which the law provides neither remedy nor punishment, and in which credulous and susceptible "subjects" have paid for their credulity by deterioration of character and progressive loss of will power.

LIKE the spiritualistic craze of forty or fifty years ago, which it closely parallels, psychoanalytic practice seems to have fallen into the hands of two very different classes of men or women. The first class, fakers and charlatans, who are frankly out for loot, are the concern rather of our magistrates than our moralists. The façade of sham science behind which they carry on their operations bears no more relation to the real evils of psychoanalysis, than the "crystal" globe and ouija-board bear to diablerie. The case is different with the second category, men of a very actual faculty for diagnosis and suggestion, who find themselves like Browning's Mr. Sludge—depositaries of a power that sometimes puzzles themselves, but which, if conscience or the sobering restraints of science do not set limits to its use, is as dangerous as the X-ray in the hands of a village quack. This power, for good or ill, did not wait for the "discoveries" of Freud and Jung. Crowded confessionals and clinics have attested its existence for generations. Doctors of souls and doctors of bodies have availed themselves of it, humbly and fearfully, for hundreds of years. Misused, it has lain at the root of many a mysterious crime and downfall.

IT is not clear that the step recommended by Mr. Potter—namely, the registration of psychoanalysts by some competent board, would do more than avert a certain proportion of the most glaring cases of fraud and misdemeanor. More acquaintance with the inwardness of the danger is shown by a mental expert who writes to the pastor of the West Side church to deplore "the dabbling about of amateurs in a pool of thought which conceals treacherous and dangerous currents." These "currents" are not only treacherous and perilous, but in ninety cases out of a hundred that seek psychoanalytic aid, uncharted as well. The whence of their coming and the whither of their going are secrets known only to God. The "builder of personality"—the "lifeologist," to use the amazing word imported into our language by a recent defendant in the Supreme Court of New York, who sets himself to ration impulses and correct "inhibitions" in order to effect a wholly arbitrary balance of character—is a temerarious meddler, laying rash hands upon the sources of life.

PARIS students have always been a disorderly body, prone, from pure lightness of heart, to lend their beardless countenances to any violent subversion of public order, and it would be easy to attach undue significance to the drama of which the Sorbonne has been the theatre during the past two weeks. Noisy demonstrations along the Boulevard Saint Michel, and all-night sessions at the historic Patisserie Russe have be-

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come so ordinary a feature of life in what still remains the Quartier Latin, that they generally excite only a languid interest among the maturer citizens. But the resentment excited by the government's action in imposing M. Scelles upon the faculty; the dignified attitude of the dean of the Sorbonne in refusing to support a political appointment by disciplinary measures; and the solidarity shown by students and the professorial body all over France give the event a significance all its own. What is most interesting to note is that, for the first time perhaps in a century, the young men who tomorrow will be the doctors, the lawyers and the deputies of France find themselves arrayed, not against the conservative elements of their country, but against the radical and socialist bloc, and its translation into political action of theories for which their long-haired predecessors of the 'thirties, 'forties and 'fifties would have rioted, vociferated, and if necessary, mounted the barricades. It would be instructive to know what M. Michelet would have thought of the appointment of M. Scelles to his old chair and the clash that has resulted. As symptom of a new orientation of thought among the youth of France and Europe generally, the Sorbonne riots may some day be thought worth a footnote in history.

ONE of the most extraordinary religious delusions in a number of centuries has been submitted to that acid test which its adherents have long been clamoring for, when what purported to be the famous Joanna Southcott "Box of Prophecies" has at last been opened, and all the excited expectations of the followers of the eccentric seeress were falsified. Joanna Southcott was born in 1750 and brought up as a Methodist, but at the age of forty-two persuaded herself—it is charitable so to believe—and unquestionably persuaded others—that she not merely had prophetic gifts but that she was actually the woman clad with the sun and with the moon under her feet of whom Saint John spoke in the Apocalypse. Invited to London, she proceeded to seal the 144,000 who were to be saved at a rate varying from twelve shillings to one guinea a head. These received a passport to Heaven signed by herself and embossed with the sign of the Morning Star, one of her appellations, and such warrants of admission to Paradise may still be seen in museums in England.

AFTER pursuing this mode of life for twenty years or so, she announced that on October 19, 1814, she was to become the mother of Shiloh—in other words, of the Messiah. The writer of these lines has often seen the curious house erected in a Cotswold village for her accouchement and was told many years ago by a very old man that he remembered the sale of her effects some years after her death (for it was long believed that she would rise again) amongst which was the silver cradle provided for the use of the promised child. As a matter of fact, Joanna who was at this time well over sixty, was suffering from dropsy and died comatose—probably from effusion on the brain—on the twenty-ninth day of the month in which the child was to have been born.

SHE left after her a "mystery box," locked and sealed, with injunctions that it was only to be opened in the presence of twenty-four bishops (Anglican of course, it may be assumed). This box was supposed to contain prophecies of great value and the extraordinary tenacity of belief even in so outrageously fabulous a tale as this, is shown by the fact that for years back, readers of the "Agony Column" of the London Times have from time to time, in that extraordinary medley of public and private appeals, been able to read fervid calls upon the Anglican hierarchy to allow the box to be opened in order that England might be delivered from some pressing evil. In fact the idea was that the contents of the box were of the nature of the Sibylline books, and perhaps that they might contain amongst other things, a new scheme for clearing up the war debt without calling for the heavy and crippling taxation now applied to that end.

THE bishops turned a deaf ear to these pleas. Recently it was reported that the Archbishop of Canterbury had consented to be present and preside at the opening of the box. As matters turned out, however, neither the Archbishop nor any of the twenty-three other bishops of the Church of England turned up when the box was opened. The man in whose care it had been left, finally became weary of seeing the thing around his house, and despite the threats that had been made as to the dire consequences of opening it except under the prescribed conditions, he took a chance. All that was found in the box was a wisp of grey hair, a leather-bound Bible dated 1702, and a parchment which contained the only thing resembling a prophecy —a sentence reading as follows—"The bones of unknown creatures, as many as there are bishops, shall be dug out of the earth; and monsters of the lost world shall live and men shall be made to wonder." This document was signed "Joanna Southcott, December 24, 1805." Members of the Southcott "profession" are stated to be giving further study to the contents. It is probably hopeless to suppose that there will be an immediate end to the folly of the mystery box, for it is likely that some explanation will be forthcoming to explain the paucity of its contents, or to prove that this box after all is not the genuine one; but at least it will probably put an end to the frantic appeals in the English newspapers, and doubtless the equally frantic private clamors to the bishops—at any rate until some other box turns up.

THE death of Professor Carroll Mitchell of Washington, D. C., within the past few weeks not only de-

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prives this country of a man of high claims to scholarship, but of one to whom his fellow citizens were under a very considerable debt for his management as editor of that well-known journal, Art and Archaeology. In the very last number there is an article from his pen on the Capital of the Prehistoric World—in other words the group of ancient places of habitation in the Dordogne in France where the inhabitants to this very day retain the remarkable and characteristic features of the skulls at least 10,000 years old which have been found in the places described by the late Professor. His work on the periodical in question was marked by great catholicity of choice of subject and fine discriminations as to the just balance between the two subjects to which it is devoted. As to its illustrations, it is not too much to say that they were not surpassed in beauty and excellence of execution by those of any other publication of the same character in any part of the world.

THE publication of the official Catholic Directory for 1925 (New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons) has given rise to some unusual notice, owing to its announcement that the gain in membership to the Catholic Church in the United States is the lowest figure reported in many years. The increase in membership given for the past year is 94,241, as contrasted with the figure 298,994 recorded for the year previous. The sum total of the Catholic population of the United States up to date is given as 18,654,028. This disparity is to be explained partly by the report of seven of the fourteen archdioceses that there has been no gain in their membership, while New Orleans reports a loss of nearly 24,000 members. The other six report an increase. To offset this report, is the announcement of the establishment during the year of 138 new parishes, leaving the number of churches in this country at 17,284, with a body of clergy in attendance figured at 23,697—an increase of 638 priests over the preceding year. There is also a marked advance in the number of parochial schools, now counted at 144, with an attendance of 2,038,624 students. There are five new seminaries for the education of priests, making up a list of 120, and an increase of clerical students of 2,017, swelling the total to 11,345. The results show, therefore, no falling off in efforts or in good results, and taken altogether indicate a continuance of the era of prosperity that has blessed the Catholic Church in the United States.

MR. HEYWOOD BROUN, dramatic critic of the New York World, assures those that may be interested in the fact, that now he "may well die happy. I have lived to see the production on a New York stage of a play which uses the name of a social disease as an expletive for small talk." It seems that it is Love for Love, Congreve's play, which has given Mr. Broun his opportunity to die happy. In this play, as he told his readers—in such a startling fashion as to crowd the theatre where the play in question is being very badly performed—"all the funniest lines are daring ones . . . I had a fine time and all the first night audience rocked with laughter. It was hearty and unashamed laughter."

THIS is frank language and apparently an honest expression of natural taste. This champion of immoralism, this publicity agent of pornography, laughed loud and long, heartily and unashamed—but the question remains as to why he insists upon the fact that he was not ashamed? If there is nothing to be ashamed of in obscenity, impropriety and dirt, why drag in poor shame at all? Why is he so sedulous in his assurances that the names of "social diseases" and obscenity in general warm his heart with laughter? He himself lets slip the reason why, a few lines later on. It is really because he is a reformer—only he takes the opposite side to Mr. Sumner of the Anti-Vice Society, in choosing his reforms. Mr. Broun "wants to see the community make up its mind that obscenity is not necessarily a hideous thing. It can be the jolliest and most heart-warming of commodities . . . After seeing Love for Love, I am more convinced that we ought to have more dirty plays if only they are funny enough."

IS Mr. Broun casting an indirect aspersion upon our humorous dramatists that they cannot please him without resorting to dirt? If all the world is of like kidney with him, the stage is certainly foolish to affect a decency that is no longer welcome or even tolerated. We only see in Rome what we bring to it. Congreve lived and flourished in an age of unrestrained franknesses and simpering affectations of propriety. The attack upon his dramatic principles may have been as excessive in its puritanical primness as the offense he offered to ordinary civilized proprieties. It seemed that we had passed through a purging; that the mind of our public had grown cleaner and more correct in its appreciation of real wit and humor; and that these quips from the stable-yard and the brothel were no longer needed to whip up the poor jaded theatre-goer of today. It is so easy to be "clever" at the same time as unkind, untruthful and indecent, that the great wits of history have always particularly eschewed that pestilent easiness.

"THERE is," continues Mr. Broun, "a generous amount of obscenity for obscenity's sake in Love for Love. Strip out the impropriety and there is not much left." As a critic, Mr. Broun deals Congreve a dire blow in this paragraph; he also chortles over his own delight in crude salacity and informs our general public exactly what he thinks they are. And this on the same day that the New York World, in its editorial pages, was solemnly assuring us that the "play jury"

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was functioning efficiently and Broadway was purged. But so long as critics like Mr. Broun find papers like the World to permit them to serve as pullers-in for profiteers in pornography, snickering smut-hounds will fill the theatres, and encourage other managers to produce the rakings and scrapings of ribald dramatists, happily dead, and forgotten but for the ghouls obscenely resurrecting them.

ALL the world knows just a little about the life of Frederic Ozanam. All the world ought to know more. His great achievement, the foundation of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, has proved the sturdiest plant in the soil of the nineteenth century. No other organization has done more to keep the sacred shops of charity open in the market-place; no other is so distinctly an ideal made real. Ozanam was a scholar too—a man who reënforced practice with speculation, prose with poetry. Somebody wisely named him the athlete of the faith, which was only another way of saying that he came near being what the layman should be, in the universal Church. He entered a magnificent race, in which 150,000 people are now following him. It is news, however—and very good news—that with the sanction of two eminent Princes of the Church, the Congregation of Rites has begun the process of Ozanam's beatification. And because the testimony of miracles is of especial importance, the president of the Society has issued a thoughtful statement for publication in La Vie Catholique. "I do not wish to assert that miracles have been wrought through his intercession," he says. "But the veneration which surrounds the name of Ozanam in every part of the world where his Society has found a home, is certainly not merely a homage paid to his virtues and achievements. Quite generally it is also gratitude for his benefactions."

WE pause for a moment to add our homage to an editorial jubilee. It is fifty years ago that the Rev. Daniel Hudson, C.S.C., began to edit the Ave Maria. Probably never before in the history of American journalism has a magazine been so long and so completely identified with the personality of one man. The Ave Maria came into being, at Notre Dame, as a hazardous experiment in Catholic editing. Readers were harder to get than holidays; contributors were still more rare; and the printers patched together their own presses. Father Hudson's editorial chair—which also celebrates its jubilee—stood almost at the edge of an Indian settlement. Great contributors—Maurice Francis Egan, Monsignor Benson, Miss Guiney, Charles Warren Stoddard, to mention a few—have had their share in the work; but it was due chiefly to the luminous, reasonable personality of Father Hudson himself that his little journal became, as Joel Chandler Harris said, "one of the most lovable things ever printed." Fifty years is a long time. Would there might be fifty more!

WHAT BIRTH CONTROL MEANS

THERE is at least one good result of the Birth Control Conference held recently in New York, which may counter-balance in some slight degree the evil which will be wrought by the broadcasting through the press, which gave its proceedings enormous publicity, of its philosophy of frustration and death. This good result is the useful revelation of the ultimate aims of the leaders and theorists of the movement—those who really give its activities the direction and intensity of a diabolical religion. The opposition to any destructive movement can be more intelligently made if those opposing it know precisely what they are up against. What those who still believe in Christian civilization are up against in this case may be briefly summarized. It is apparent that the agitation to legalize and widely popularize contraception is merely an incidental item in a program that has for its real end the destruction of Christian civilization. We have only to note such proposals as the following, which were put forward by leading delegates to the conference—

That "A League of Birth Control Nations"—states controlled by eugenist governments with full control over marriages and births—shall eventually be formed to dominate the world.

That "defective" children—the decision as to defectiveness, of course, to rest with the birth control authorities—shall be killed.

That a Federal Birth Rate Commission, to prepare the way for the coming control of the state by eugenists, shall be appointed by the President of the United States, to be composed of "scientists drawn from the fields of economics, biology, sociology, genetics, medicine and philanthropy." (Representatives of religion are excluded.)

That it should be accepted as a principle that a thousand "morons"—namely, children classified by eugenists as defective, the eugenists themselves being subject to no control—shall be, if necessary, cheerfully sacrificed by being killed at birth in order to clear the way for a single "genius." As Professor Harry Elmer Barnes, of Amherst College, put the matter—"The modern student of ethical theory would probably have to admit it is better to sacrifice a thousand morons rather than handicap, seriously, a single genius."

That the moral and ethical problems which surround the whole subject should be solved by "scientific experts."

The Ten Commandments, the teachings of Christianity, the normal, human habits of humanity, are to be thrust aside and the world ruled by "a scientific code in the drafting of which clergymen will not be consulted. It will probably be necessary to give up entirely the old conception of morals or morality and substitute the new, more accurate term 'super-hygiene.'"

Dr. Marie Stopes—who is to England what Dr.

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Margaret Sanger is to America—although not a delegate to the New York conference, may be accepted as one of the international leaders of the whole movement. She is reported as saying—

"I am out for a much greater thing than birth control. I am out to smash the tradition of organized Christianity."

As a writer in G.K.'s Weekly says—"It is interesting to learn that the tradition of organized Christianity, that survived the power of Nero, the prestige of Julian, the genius of Voltaire, and the apocalypse of the French Revolution, is now to be smashed; and if we knew where this ceremony is appointed to take place, we should like to go and see it."

One prominent delegate, a Dr. Morris H. Kahn, stated that "religious prejudice within the medical profession was a great obstacle to the propagation of birth control." The newspaper report said that "he was understood to be referring to the Catholic members of the profession." Many clergymen, but of course no Catholics, were among the speakers strongly supporting the propaganda of the conference. It is probably true that these Protestant and Jewish clergymen represent among their sects only a small minority who have thrown over the Christian principles in favor of the new paganism; and it is probable also that the great majority of orthodox Jews and the followers of the various Protestant denominations are as yet not being swept away by the new movement; nevertheless, it is certainly true that the teachings of the Catholic Church—uncompromising, firm, logical, not to be changed—constitute in this case, as in so many others, the real centre around which civilization must rally its defenses against the assaults of the new barbarians.

FOOLISH MANIA FOR CHANGE

THE speech which Senator Borah of Idaho made recently before the Izaak Walton Club of Chicago is an odd example of his peculiar policy as a public rather than a political leader. The main position which he upheld was sound and wise, but the accompanying oratorical display was unquestionably calculated to create or promote the very evil of which he complained. Senator Borah deplored the tendency now so prevalent to rush to radical change for the correction of everything that goes on in the daily life of the people or in the conduct of the government. It is a "disturbing fact," he said, that as problems of the hour come up for discussion we "encounter on every hand the erroneous belief that the way to meet these new questions is to effectuate some change in the structure of our government." Everybody is, in fact, proposing change until the whole edifice is in danger.

The tendency is just as strange as it is marked. It is especially strange because in experience none of the recent changes has been specially successful. Above all, the blind rush toward concentration of function and power in the federal organization is obviously unwise. Senator Borah opposes it on the principle that we must have a powerful group of units to constitute a federal system; but in a sense that necessity is rather sentimental than real. The practical evil is that so great a mass of duty is being piled upon the central régime that no machinery will be able to fulfill it efficiently; and at the same time, control of the more intimate interests of the people is being taken so far away from them, not only in the administrative but even in the geographical sense, that to a large extent the law is likely to lose its quality of popular approval and sympathy. This is liable to be the case, even though statutes intended to be identical in their application may become quite different in their bearing on one part of the country from what they are in another.

The country is so vast and so diverse in its people and their interests that the federal system is, as it were, a special dispensation for their government, combining unity of management and control over questions and in spheres where common principles and similar interests are involved, with wide divergences to accord with regional and traditional differences in ideals and in economic and industrial needs. The safeguarding of the federal plan must seem to far-seeing men the one way of perpetuating the unity of the country as well as the liberties of its component parts.

Senator Borah plainly realized the truth of all this. Yet, in this very speech, he indulges in much rhetoric calculated to stimulate the impulse toward radical change. He talks of the "awful saturnalia" of political crime in which we live. He bunches together in vague, general, but quite inflammatory condemnation, natural monopoly, "wild, inordinate, extravagant corrupt tendencies of government," the dangers to property and human life which prevail. All the old stock evils and abuses of the professional fault-finder are arranged, without specification but in horrifying generalization, with appeals to the people to get up and do something about them—it is not very obvious what.

Now, nobody is satisfied with governments or life as they prevail. There are evils and offenses. But it may be questioned whether they are any worse today than at any other time. The history of political rhetoric is full of talk like Senator Borah's, and politics, unhappily, has seldom been without justification for the talk. Community life has always had its crimes and vices as it has today. The strength of the impression made upon the public perception just now is due to a number of secondary causes. Our nearness to current events has a magnifying effect upon our ideas of them, good and bad. The vastness of modern life, the numbers of people and the bulk of their possessions multiply the occurrences which create the general vision of iniquity. Up-to-date means of recording and circulating news—the telegraph, the printing press and the like—fill out the picture with lamentably veracious detail. Probably conditions are not much worse—not

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any worse—than they have often been before, only they are brought more vividly home to us and in more permanent form for discussion.

It would seem to be the part of patriotic statesmanship, especially from the point of view of avoiding excessive and questionable change, to deal with contemporary evil, not in a spirit of excitement but of calm resolve to secure improvement through existing means and agencies. Nothing like acquiescence in political wrong or social crime is to be contemplated. In general the exhortation of the public to vigilance and to the repression of evils by political effort within constitutional lines, is right enough; but such counsels may do more harm than good when conveyed in pessimistic criticisms of men and things and in unbridled terms of censure and alarm. Expressions of this sort shake the confidence of the citizenship in itself and rob it of confidence in its guides and agents. They are plainly calculated not to correct the natural faults and failures of all human life, but to increase them by prompting the very mistakes which Senator Borah deprecates—the headlong pursuit of change, the futile instinct that any change must be better than the existing state.

It may be laid down as a safe principle that if the best use were made of existing laws and mechanisms, there is ample means in this country to correct every ill from which we suffer without rushing to others that we know not of.

ACRES AND AMERICANS

"BUSINESS methods on the farm," is the keynote of Mr. Jardine's message to American agriculture. There is nothing very new in that tune; in fact, we have applauded it roundly ever since the job of raising corn and everything that goes with corn has been a topic of conversation. May it continue and may Mr. Jardine—who knows his subject pretty thoroughly—find ways and means of promoting the farmer's business welfare. But has not the hour struck when we may wish very heartily that the farmer could plow a straighter furrow into the business of living? Is there anything about him more serious than the state of his social debits and credits? City apartment-houses crowd ever increasing hordes into notches of the sky; but wide stretches of open country are stripped of man-power or are handed over to a tenant population miserably unfit for the job. The result is a dangerous, unhealthy trend towards the over-industrialization of an already too industrial American life.

There has been vastly too much scornful highbrow talk about Main Street and Michigan. But it is true that almost from the beginning the conditions of farm-life in this country have been destructive of social intercourse. Vast acreages in which was lost a house that got no glimpse even of friendly smoke from other houses; a working-day extended beyond reason for the sake of "getting in" twice as much as was humanly possible; the absence of satisfactory schools, churches, and general meeting-places—these things have of necessity cramped the man in Ohio and the man in Maryland, have put him out of touch with American life as it is, and have strengthened the itch for towns. Even more concrete social results have contributed to the débacle. Every country asylum for the insane knows that the majority of its female inmates are victims of the dreary isolation and over-work of the farm. Every city park is sprinkled with wandering men and women who once upon a time ran away from the old homestead. And you can always feel sure that within ten miles round any sleepy county-seat you can collect fifty cents a head for some such delightful uplift society as the Klan.

The answer to the problem is, of course, coöperation. And coöperation in turn is dependent upon the existence of a wide-awake leadership which, for want of a better word, may be termed an agricultural aristocracy. We are not concerned here with the economic aims and efforts which such a leadership could sponsor. But when there is mention of social coöperation, it is evident that no force could be so helpful as the churches. Where are they? Wander among the fields and groves of any country district, and you will see little weather-boarded meeting-houses with their graveyards round about them. But they are locked, barred, deserted. The preacher has long since ended his last sermon; the hymn-books are inch-deep in dust. Yes, these old places may have been Picksniffian enough, sometimes; but they did bring together a people, under God; they did make daily bread out of daily grub. And while we know that the fortunes of the Catholic churches have been somewhat better, we are inclined neither to be content with their position nor to hail the downfall of Protestant enterprise with a salvo of applause.

From the Catholic point of view, however, the situation has begun to attract some intelligent attention. The pioneer work of the Rev. Edwin O'Hara who—even in Oregon—has set himself to the task of rural organization with the rarest energy and skill, has been seconded by the ever helpful Central Society. There are signs of life elsewhere. In Wisconsin the pastor of a small-town parish organized a convention of the Holy Name Society—a picnic, in fact. To his relative astonishment the guests exceeded by almost a thousand the number he had expected. They were all hungry people—hungry for the companionships and frolics of life. Such work must not stop. Social solidarity, the glad assemblage of men and women, has always been the ideal of Christendom. Let there be festivals, music, holidays and holydays enough to kindle something like a Merry America.

Half the poetry of the ages has been draped around the life of the husbandman; we in America shall have to learn that without poetry our farm-life will end, very literally, in factory-smoke.

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"ROMAN-CATHOLIC"

By CONDÉ B. PALLEN

NOT long ago at my club I happened to overhear inadvertantly one gentleman say to another—"I am an Anglo-Catholic." I was not a participant in the conversation, and so had no reason to intrude myself. But I gazed at the gentleman who so proclaimed himself and saw nothing Anglo about him, either in gesture, or intonation, or appearance. He did not even use the Bostonian broad A, which is the nearest thing to Anglo that I know of in this country, save monocles, which are almost as rare as anthropoids. He was plain American, cap-à-pie.

I began to ruminate. Here was a bit of psychology, i. e., state of mind, which might prove analytically worth the while. What is an Anglo-Catholic, any way? I immediately thought of the etymological significance of Catholic as universal, and prefixed it with the epithet Anglo and got Anglo-Universal, which it must be confessed looks a bit queer. It might have startled the gentleman in question if I had called him an Anglo-Universal.

Can universal be Anglo? How can universal, qua universal, in the language of the schoolman, be anything but universal, and how can universal be differentiated into something that is not universal by any limitation without destroying its universality? In other words, to limit universal is to wipe it out; it ceases to be universal and becomes particular. By the same process of mental legerdermain which is at the back of the head of our "Anglo-Catholic" branch theorists, the combination "Roman-Catholic" or "Roman-Universal" is subject to the same criticism. It splits logic and fact in twain. Had I been a party to the conversation at the club, my "Anglo-Catholic" fellow member would no doubt have labelled me "Roman-Catholic," and I would have promptly repudiated the insinuation on the ground that it is neither logical nor true. I am distinctly not a "Roman-Catholic," but simply a Catholic, which amply indicates that I am a member of the "One Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church."

This leads me to a consideration of the use and application of the term Catholic as one of the marks by which the Catholic Church is distinguished from all other religious bodies—heretical, schismatical or otherwise.

The term Catholic was in very early use in the history of the Church. We find "the Catholic Church" in combination for the first time (circa, 110) used by Saint Ignatius in his letter to the Smyrnaens. It is also found in the Muratorian Fragment (circa, 180) where, speaking of certain heretical writings, it is said that they "cannot be received in the Catholic Church." Saint Clement of Alexander who died about the year 215, declares—"We say that both in substance and in seeming, both in origin and in development the primitive and Catholic Church is the only one, agreeing as it does in the unity of one faith." As here used, the combination Catholic Church implies sound doctrine as opposed to heresy, and unity of organization as opposed to schism. It is the proper name of the Church, and excludes all other religious bodies who are not one with it in doctrine and organization.

In the same sense Pacian (circa, 370) writes—"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus cognomen." Saint Cyprian (circa, 252) makes frequent use of the term. His longest treatise is—On the Unity of the Catholic Church. He frequently uses the phrases "Catholica fides," "Catholica unitas," "Catholica regula," meaning orthodoxy as opposed to heresy.

Saint Cyril of Jerusalem (circa, 347) affirms that the name Catholic witnesses to the universality of the Church—"Now it [the Church] is called Catholic because it is throughout the world, from one end of the earth to the other." It is known and acknowledged as such by all: "and if ever thou art sojourning in any city, inquire not simply where the Lord's house is—for the sects of the profane also attempt to call their own conventicles houses of the Lord—nor merely where the Church is—but where is the Catholic Church?" Saint Augustine (354-430) writes in the same vein—"Whether they wish or no, heretics have to call the Catholic Church 'Catholic.'" And again—"Although all heretics wish to be styled Catholics, yet if anyone asked where is the Catholic place of worship, none of them would venture to point out his own conventicle." The test of what church is the Catholic Church, holds just as good in this twentieth century as it did in the days of Saint Cyril and Saint Augustine. Even our "Anglo-Catholic" friend, if accosted by an inquirer asking where the Catholic Church is, would be constrained, in spite of his own branch theory, to point out in all honesty, not his own conventicle, but a veritable Catholic Church. Saint Vincent of Lerins lays down a canon of Catholicity which has become justly famous, and which stresses not only universality of place but universality and unity of faith—"That which has been believed everywhere, always and by all. This is what is truly and properly Catholic." Catholic believers have always and everywhere held the same integral doctrine without shadow of change.

Just as sects outside of the unity of Catholic faith in the early days of the Church sought to arrogate to themselves the name Catholic, we find history repeating itself in modern times. The branch theory of a

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section of Anglicans in the Established Church of England and the Protestant-Episcopal church in America assumes that there are three Catholic churches, the Anglo-Catholic, the Greek-Catholic, and the Roman-Catholic Church and endeavors to substitute for Catholic Church these divers appellations. It is an attempt to divide the seamless garment of Christ. Implied in this assumption is the notion that "the term Catholic represented a genus of which those who vowed allegiance to the Pope formed a particular species."

Now Catholic is an absolute term and excludes differentiation. Just apply Saint Vincent of Lerins's canon of Catholicity—"that which has been believed everywhere, always and by all."

You cannot differentiate what has been believed everywhere, for outside of everywhere is nowhere; what has been believed always has no temporal term into which it is divisible, and what has been believed by all is a unity which admits of no schism. Catholicity, so far from being a generic term as a mark of the Church, is an indivisible particular, the proper name of the Church of Christ, including her alone and excluding all others. Those who refuse to believe as she believes, who deny her authority and her jurisdiction, are not of her, and by virtue of her unity, which is bound up in her Catholicity, are outside of her everywhere and always.

The Established Church of England does not officially designate herself Catholic. The Episcopalian church in this country calls herself officially the Protestant-Episcopal church, and it is only a faction within her by no means unified body, divided as it is in doctrine and in discipline, which presumes to call itself Catholic by virtue of a self-contradictory theory.

Any epithet limiting Catholic is a contradiction in terms. Catholic is Catholic, and complete in itself. The moment you seek to limit it, it ceases to be Catholic. Bishop Andrews, an Anglican divine in the first part of the seventeenth century, ridicules the phrase, Ecclesia Catholica Romana, as a contradiction in terms. "What," he asks, "is the object of adding 'Roman'? The only purpose that such an adjunct can serve is to distinguish your Catholic Church from another Catholic Church which is not Roman." You cannot distinguish Catholic from Catholic. When you paint white black, it ceases to be white. An "Anglo-Catholic" is not a Catholic, he is simply an Anglo.

If he had any proper comprehension of the term Catholic, he would drop his hyphenated contradiction and be his honest self, either a simple Anglo or a simple Catholic. In the first cast he would adhere unsophisticatedly and unequivocally to the established English church or to the Protestant-Episcopal church, and be content with his sectarian character. In the second case he would abjure his sect and come into the one indivisible Church, whose Catholicity is so succinctly and beautifully set forth in the canon of Saint Vincent of Lerins, whose faith has everywhere, always and by all, been professed in the unity of the Catholic Church.

Unfortunately, our Anglo theorists are not content with labeling themselves with a hyphenated contradiction, but insist upon thrusting on us a similar inconsistency, "Roman-Catholic," and some Catholics, out of a mistaken courtesy, or a failure to realize the insidious implication of the term, at times fall into the trap. "Roman-Catholic" carries with it a sinister implication in the minds of those who use it—namely, that Catholics in this country are under an alien political domination and owe allegiance to a foreign political potentate. This evil imputation we spurn indignantly and nail it down as a gross calumny and an iniquitous libel. In the face of the constant loyalty of Catholics in this country throughout all its history, and in all the crises that have confronted the nation—in the face of their indubitable and outstanding patriotism everywhere and always and by all—the imputation of actual or potential treason in the terms "Roman-Catholic" can only be made with malice perpense. Let no Catholic fail to realize this, and he will never be constrained by any false sense of courtesy to acquiesce in a vicious insult to his faith and patriotism. He would never hesitate for a moment to resent the more vulgar terms "Papist," and "Romanist." Why then should he meekly accept a label none the less opprobious because it has a smoother appearance?

The Irish Theological Quarterly for January, 1918, in regard to the term "Roman-Catholic," remarks—

> We know what Protestants mean when they call us "Roman-Catholics." We have heard of protests by Cardinal Consalvi at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and we know that the Fathers of the Vatican Council rejected by a practically unanimous vote the name "Roman-Catholic"as savoring of the heresy that divides the Catholic world into three parts—Greek, Anglican, Roman. It is the name given us by the enemy, and it is full of mischievous and misleading suggestions.

We, therefore, repudiate the enemy's label and hold to our own distinctive name, which is ours and ours alone. It is our traditional name, and comes down to us through the ages from the times of Saint Cyril and Saint Augustine, and is bound up with the unity of the Faith. It is not and cannot be the possession of any heretical body, for it is a mark of the Church of Christ and carries with it the very notion of the inclusion of truth and the exclusion of error.

There is only one way in which we use the term "Roman," and that is when we designate the primacy, jurisdiction and doctrinal headship of the See of Rome in the person of the successor of Peter, to whom it was given to guide and confirm the brethren in the Faith, and we so acclaim the unity of the Catholic world in the supreme authority of the Vicar of Christ on earth, who teaches infallibly and who administers the Church under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

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ARCHITECTURE AND CATHOLICISM

By LEWIS MUMFORD

THE discussion that has been going on in The Commonweal about the nature of an appropriate architecture for Catholic buildings is one that could hardly have occurred at any period before the nineteenth century. From the churches at Ravenna down to the most florid and overblown outburst of the Baroque in Spain and Italy, the Roman Catholic churches have always been built in harmony with the major buildings of their period; and although the mediaeval mason quite certainly didn't regard the House of God as on the "same footing with commercial and industrial buildings," he used the same mode of construction and decoration: the barns and kitchens of the ruined abbey at Glastonbury are as fine and beautiful as the abbey church itself must have been —and they are fine and beautiful in the same way.

Yet there is something ruthless in the modern skyscraper and grain elevator and factory that makes a sensitive person feel instinctively that the mode of construction is at odds with humane and religious ends; for however fresh and significant our best industrial architecture may be, it rises out of a world that has thrust the family and traditional relationships and gracious impulses, to say nothing of religion, into the background of existence, so that nothing may exist within its precincts that conflicts with the dogged ritual of utilitarianism, or would turn the mind of its adepts away from the business of increasing mechanical efficiencies and multiplying paper values.

This feeling of antagonism drives people back into the sanctuary of the past, and they build churches that have something of the outward shape and semblance of a Romanesque or a Norman or a perpendicular building; but the fate of these churches, even the best of them, is to show on every stone the arid marks of our mechanical culture. Surrounded by apartment houses or threatened by office buildings, they lose their dignity and siteliness; designed by an architect without a sufficient supply of first-rate masons and carvers, attached to the Catholic tradition, their niches remain ironically empty, and the details of altar, screen, choir, and chapel, although modeled nowadays on the best patterns in the books, are as lifeless as the measured drawings from which they are frequently derived. These buildings do not escape the imperfections of our age: in every part they are a witness to them, and the result is that our efforts to reproduce a Gothic or a Romanesque shell are less significant, aesthetically, than the run of buildings we seek to escape; for with all their imperfections the latter buildings are alive, and with all their studied gestures, our reproductions are cold and dead.

The noble interior of Westminster Cathedral, perhaps the finest building that has been put up during the last century, might seem to refute this argument; but in reality it confirms it. In its present unfinished form the great aesthetic beauty of the nave is the result of an harmonic enclosure of space: but every detail that is added to the chapels, every attempt to convey a singing art in the sheathing that Bentley provided for columns and walls, reminds us that the modern world has not the great corps of Catholic artists that Justinian could summon to his bidding. There is a very real possibility that with every fresh detail the building will become a little more empty of its primary beauty; for its form is harmonious with modern construction, whereas its decoration is only a garment taken out of the wardrobe of the past: it shows not what Catholicism is capable of doing today, but what it would like to do if it could only recall its "first fine careless rapture," the rapture that arose from the contact of paganism with the sweet austerity of Christianity.

This analysis is not as discouraging as it may at first seem. Mr. Barry Byrne has well pointed out that a church is primarily not a "style" or a method of building, but a practical structure "to envelop an assembly . . . for seeing and hearing the celebration of Mass, the grouping of the congregation for instruction within easy range of the preacher . . . and ready access to the Communion rail." Mr. Oliver Reagan seems to think that there is some antagonism between these essentials and the notion of building a church for the greater glory of God; but as a matter of fact the two claims can be focussed into a common objective, once we are willing to face the matter with fresh minds—indeed they must be focussed if there is to be a vital architecture once more in our churches. Mr. Byrne, it seems to me, is quite right in saying that we must have the practical sagacity to build with the materials we are most familiar with, and to adopt the mode of construction the architect and builder work most courageously in today. This does not in the least mean that the building must be a tall one: indeed very few of our best modern buildings are skyscrapers: nor does it mean that the steel ribs must show, or that only ferro-concrete forms must be used. All these are narrow and superficial efforts to define the basis of a living architecture. What this principle does mean is that the architect shall restrict himself to providing a well-designed and well-proportioned shell, frankly a shell, with no attempt to catch the spirit, through ornament or constructional imitation, of other "styles" and periods. The architect should be as unconscious of style as the builder of a good modern factory or a good modern apartment house.

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But how express the religious purpose of the building? Does not the Gothic help us here—do not towers help—does not at least a little stained glass come in? The answer to this is that the religious aim of expressing solemnity, peace, and inner communion with Deity is not promoted by erecting a building whose details are no wise different in execution, however different in aim, from those of a bank or a moving picture theatre: the point is that we must express the religious character of a church by doing things that a commercial building would not think of doing. One of the ways of doing this in a city is to devote the funds that are saved by a simple, vernacular mode of construction to the purchase of land sufficient for a park or garden, screening the church from the dust and noise of the streets, putting it apart from the mundane buildings that now jostle it and jeer at it, and, incidentally, providing a resting place for mothers and babies.

Another way of establishing the character of the building is by providing the architect with a plot sufficiently large so that by creating bays for the chapels or by altering the proportions of transepts, chancel, and nave, he can model the building as a whole. In this way, instead of being limited to a four-square building whose individuality would come entirely through ornament and "style," as he is now so often limited, the architect would have the opportunity to model in the mass, and to achieve his main aesthetic effects, as Bentley achieved them in his great work, by his characteristic manner of enclosing space. The two best modern buildings in New York, the Fraternities Building on Madison Avenue and the Shelton Hotel on Lexington Avenue, derive their aesthetic interests from the treatment imposed by the plot, by the zoning ordinances, and by the interior functions of the building—a treatment that enabled the architect to forget all the traditional precedents. In a Catholic church the possibilities offered by combining the stable elements of the Catholic ritual with the variable elements of site and the surrounding street, are literally infinite.

But what of tower or steeple? Well, when the church was the highest building in a city or village, the tower was an essential symbol, perhaps, of its spiritual overlordship: nowadays, on the contrary, it is as well to leave the towers to Mammon, and to achieve the same purpose not by an outward gesture but by an inward grace. This last counsel I mean quite literally: the intimate expression of the Catholic spirit must come through its treatment of the altar, the Communion table, the shrines, the baptismal font. With the shell itself reduced, as I pointed out before, to its essentials, there should be greater room for free and gracious expressions at these points: it is absurd to think that the aesthetic expression of the Savior, the Mother of Heaven, or the saints should become fossilized at some particular moment in the church's life, so that thereafter the robe and vesture and very anatomical form should express only the conceptions and limitations of that moment; and it is even worse when these models are stereotyped and deadened by the methods and workmanship of the commercial market. In this domain, nothing less than the work of original artists is tolerable. If original art has disappeared here, it is folly to think that the architect will be able to hide that fact by his own learning and scholarship, or that he will lessen the effect by an adroit archaicism.

The Catholics, in common with other faiths, have (it seems to me) too often been content with something less original art and fresh aesthetic feeling these last two or three hundred years; although Catholic communicants no doubt see beyond the tawdry reality to the living symbol, as a little girl reads into her rag-doll the glow of a living baby, the ornament and statuary that fill so many modern churches point to a sad compromise with utilitarianism. All the while devout Catholics like Cézanne, and sincere religious spirits like Van Gogh, to pick out two great examples from an older generation, have shared the homelessness of the modern artist, instead of finding a place for themselves within the churches. That a robust modern art is not incompatible with Catholicism—if I may put the matter from a purely aesthetic standpoint!—is proved by the work in our own day of Mr. Eric Gill in England. If Catholics would have a living art once more in their churches they would single out these artists, would foster their work, would give opportunity to apprentices and disciples, and then perhaps through the mission of a lay order, would send them out through the parishes wherever fresh building was to be done. The notion that art needs vast endowments of money is unsound. Where the artist is given scope for workmanship he will work for a day's wages, and be glad to get it. If secular painters like Diego de Rivera will work on these terms, as he is now working on the government buildings and schools in Mexico, why should the Church not be able to foster a corps of painters and sculptors who would work in the same manner? From a purely practical standpoint, genuine art is as cheap as its substitutes; and it is only our own dulness, our own lack of discrimination, that lets us accept the muddied unfermented grape juice of commercial vendage instead of the true wine of the spirit.

There is nothing fantastic in the suggestions I have been making here. Messrs. Geddes and Mear's design for the Roman Catholic cathedral in Dublin, which was planned before the war, embodied these principles; and in America the late Bertram G. Goodhue, perhaps the greatest of our modern architects, was putting them into practice. Mr. Goodhue found that he could not build "Gothic" buildings; he found that he could not design fresh ornament to be carried out by Tom, Dick, or Harry from large drawings or casts: so he developed fine harmonious forms, like the State

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Capitol in Nebraska, which were done in no "style;" and he reduced the decoration to such a point that a single sculptor was able to carry it out for him. On this basis he was creating buildings that were as modern as a grain elevator in all their elements, while their beauty in detail gained by juxtaposition to the serene surfaces, untroubled by formal or conventional ornament, that this new mode provided. With a different accent, perhaps, but in the same general manner, it would be possible to build churches and cathedrals, and along with them parish houses and schools, whose construction would embody all our vital modern advances in lighting, heating, acoustics, and spanning voids, and whose intimate details would express the purpose of the building as a House of God, and as an embodiment of the traditions of the Roman Catholic faith.

The quarrel between the romantics and the utilitarians is settled only when we recognize heartily that both are right!

MANZONI AND HIS MASTERPIECE

By D. J. CONNOR

ITALIANS are, in a way, fortunate that, when the tumult and the shouting dies and the demand for sanity reasserts itself, they have one fixed rallying-point—literary, cultural, moral—instead of a dozen or more that would divide the English or American suffrage. Carducci's noisy claque finally subsides, and is succeeded by d'Annunzio's claque. But when d'Annunzio's vogue declines, the return is not to Carducci again, but to Manzoni. Manzoni stands at the parting of the ways. Literary progress may be in the direction of realism, of idealism, of impressionism, but in any case it will be measured by the distance from him and his standards.

It is now one hundred years since the first volume of his masterpiece, I Promessi Sposi, came off the press—"the term commonly fixed," Johnson declares, " as the test of literary merit." The critics have in the meantime completely reversed the categories that were applied to him a century ago, but the significant thing is that his intrinsic excellence has remained unaffected. When he wrote, it was as an iconoclast who drew down on his head the thunders of The Quarterly Review and the Biblioteca Italiana. Now he is used as the term of Quintilian's criterion—Ille se profecisse sciat, cui Manzoni valde placebit. A century ago he was the coryphaeus of Italian romanticism; now his work is the classic of classicism. Which only shows that the distinction is an accidental and transitory one, and that, as Goethe pointed out, "the main thing is for a production to be thoroughly good, and it is sure to be classical."

These extremes of romanticism and classicism are not the only ones that meet in Manzoni. Edwin Muir has a theory about the northern impulse impregnating the southern impulse, and the richest European culture resulting from the coition. "All the great literatures of Europe have been written by northern races," he says "when they have encountered in one form or another the shock of the South." Whether racial genius is to be explained by this hypothesis or not, there is abundant evidence that individual genius often does come from the fusion of two antipodal principles. At least it is true of the type of genius that Carlyle designated the prophetic, of which Saint Paul may serve as a palmary example. It was pointed out long ago by Manzoni's most intelligent commentator that he returned from Voltairean France a docile believer on the religious side but full of the spirit of innovation in every other direction. Consequently, as his Inni Sacri were born of the union of his democratic convictions and his newly acquired Christian principles, so in his romance he, the aristocrat, not only chose to champion plebean ideals and rights against the tyranny of his own class, but led a still more decisive rebellion against the "stile togato e aristocraticamente ambizioso." We must add to this another conflict that never died in him—between the creative and the critical spirit. He had at once the fertile originality of Alfieri and the reflective corrosiveness of Sainte Beuve. The critical spirit naturally increased with age and, in fact, finally stifled the creative, but it had always existed. "I have always had a tendency," he wrote to Cousin in 1828, "to reject something in what I accepted and to adopt something of what I rejected." He was the most fervent of Catholics, and an inveterate opponent of the temporal power. Coventry Patmore, in recommending Alice Meynell for the poet-laureateship, stated that she was a radical in her opinions and a Tory in her tastes. Assuredly, if there is anything in the theory that the true seer is the one who brings a foreign point of view to the consideration of domestic problems, there is one degree less of mystery in Manzoni's perennial power.

There is no man in English letters who stands in such complete symbolic relation to his age as Manzoni. The full depth of his interest in Italy's battle for nationhood was revealed only two years ago in the family letters made public for the first time in Scherillo's Manzoni Intimo. But we did not have to wait for these revelations to know the real importance of Manzoni's coöperation in the Risorgimento. It was not primarily a political contribution at all. His real value to the cause, as Carl Sauer pointed out fifty years ago, consisted in stimulating the national consciousness, in

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effecting that intellectual and social transformation that precedes the political.

It is by his philological work that Manzoni created a personal relationship with his nation to which we can find no parallel in English. Manzoni did not construct his romance as other novelists construct theirs —with already existing materials—but rather as Brunelleschi constructed his dome. They say that he burnt every one of the bricks personally, and sounded them afterwards with his own hand to make sure there was no crack anywhere. It was in much the same way that Manzoni had to forge the language of I Promessi Sposi. He used to tell his friends of "the labor it cost him, in writing it, to say in good Tuscan what he had thought out first in Milanese—labor that, he reckoned, consumed half the time it took for composition proper." He finally recast his work entirely, the revision taking thirteen years against the six employed in writing the original. The jubilee of his death was signalized in 1923 by the publication of a hitherto entirely unknown work, Sentir Messa, detailing the linguistic principles on which the style used in I Promessi Sposi was based—principles that his masterpiece placed so far beyond question that they are now recognized as the foundation of Italian prose. The parallel between Manzoni and Scott could only be complete, therefore, if Scott had succeeded in establishing the literary autonomy of the Scotch dialect and substituting it permanently for that of Oxford and Westminster; and if, besides, his Waverly or Montrose had nourished a fire that culminated in his country's independence and stood thereafter as its Magna Charta.

To these considerations must be added still another. Manzoni's style is the one universally accepted model of good writing. "He has attained real proficiency in Italian letters," d'Ovidio states categorically, "who has succeeded in understanding and intelligently admiring Dante, and in relishing and unconsciously imitating Manzoni." Nothing more satisfying can be imagined than the rich polyphonic prose of I Promessi Sposi, or the Morale Cattolica. In these, as in a few minor writings, Manzoni exhibits at once the sanity of Johnson, the subtlety of Newman, the copiousness of Macauley, the whimsicality of Lamb, the naturalness of Emerson, the music of Gibbon and the authority of Addison. Years ago Lamartine, who was a consistent admirer of his brother romanticist, pointed out that Manzoni's poetry was prose set to music, and that the thought was so substantive and vigorous that it could be enjoyed in a paraphrase, such as he made of the Cinque Maggio by way of illustration, quite as much as in the original. He might have pointed out also, as a writer in the Civiltà Cattolica did later on, that his prose in turn is only conversation made perfect.

If there was ever a writer who might have claimed the right of living in and for his art only, it was Manzoni, and the final proof of his undeviating balance is that there never was a man who subordinated art to life more rigorously than he. For him the literary artist, instead of enjoying emancipation from the laws that bind other members of human society, is rather a man who, in addition to the domestic and civic responsibilities of other men, is obligated very specially to society by reason of his very talent, to help smooth the rough places on humanity's way and to lessen the world's perplexities instead of increasing them. One of the superstitions that disgusted him with the old classical school and won him over to the romantic movement, was precisely that literature exists for itself and not as a function of the world's life—the theory of art for art's sake. To a banker's son who complained that his father's counting-house bored him and that he longed to give himself up unreservedly to literature, Manzoni wrote—"What sort of literature is that which makes a man discontented in the fulfilment of his duty and in the pursuit of a vocation which not only has a useful end of its own but gives continual exercise, besides, to reflection and mental activity? Think which would embarrass the world more—the loss of poets or the loss of bankers." Which reminds us inevitably of Emerson's common sense remonstrance—"How dare I read Washington's campaigns, when I have not answered the letters of my own correspondents?"

If he was uncompromising in holding other writers to the moral and social limitations imposed upon art, he never flinched himself from the implications of his creed. As a young man of twenty he had resolved, even in the intoxication of his poetic awakening, never to betray the sacred cause of Truth or utter one word that could prejudice Virtue—

> Il santo Vero
> Mai non tradir: nè proferir mai verbo,
> Che plauda al vizio, o la virtù derida.

So conspicuous was his allegiance to this cause, which literature should certainly exalt rather than undermine, that even his arch-antagonist, Carducci, paid public tribute to it in the 1891 celebration at Lecco as the chief characteristic of his genius—

> I hail in Manzoni the renovating power of truth over the civic and literary consciousness of our people. And as truth, surveyed under all its aspects by a great and serene intellect, by a pure and lofty soul, is nothing less than perfect idealism, I hail in Alessandro Manzoni the incarnation of well-rounded artistry.

April

April is a singing month
With music small and sweet;
With raindrops in its tiny hands
And gold about its feet.

Dorothy Bunker.

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A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

I WONDER why Charles Reade is such a neglected novelist. No doubt, fashion is responsible to some extent. It is the fashion to laud Conrad to the skies, yet, in my opinion, Reade is a much more attractive writer—and even Conrad, the sailor, never wrote a sea-piece of stronger character than did Reade, the landsman, when he described the conflict between the pirate and the tea-ship in Hard Cash. Novels with a purpose go out of date? No doubt that is so. Perhaps few now read Dickens's tendenz tale, Hard Times, and Reade always had an axe to grind—never his own. He must be about the business of reforming prisons or private lunatic asylums or some other infamy of his time. They are reformed, and people forget the books which brought the reform about. And so everybody—except a few of the faithful—has forgotten The Woman Hater which Reade wrote around the story of the first women who forced their way into the medical profession in England—a task of no mean difficulty. Dr. Sophia Jex Blake was the best known of these pioneers, but actually the earliest of them was a woman whose name should never be forgotten, not by Catholics at any rate, and that was Agnes McLaren. She was a woman of adequate means and of undaunted perseverance and courage, and she determined to force her way into the medical profession. With that in view she went to one of the minor schools in Edinburgh, the only place which would receive her; completed the medical curriculum, such as it was in mid-Victorian days; and then found that no examining body would allow her to sit for its qualifications. Not to be beaten, she repaired to Montpellier, one of the most ancient and famous medical universities in the world. There was no prejudice against women doctors in Catholic countries like Italy and France, and for years women had held chairs in their medical schools. So Agnes McLaren took her Doctorate in medicine in that university, with the full knowledge of course that, though it testified to her medical acquirements, it would not admit her to practice in England. Every country, and very properly so, insists on determining the conditions on which its medical practitioners shall be admitted to exercise their profession. The quack—like the poor, always with us—may go his own way so long as he keeps the sunny side of manslaughter, but the regular practitioner licensed by the state must comply with certain regulations in every civilized country, and foreign degrees did not, and do not of themselves, admit to practice in the British Isles. Dr. McLaren knew this very well, but her independent position rendered this of no great moment so long as she had been able to realize her ambition of becoming a full-fledged doctor of medicine. The most important event however in her life, was her conversion to the Catholic Church, and that led to the matter with which this article is concerned. For she became interested in the project of supplying women medical practitioners to India to supply the needs of that country. By this time the battle was won, and women were being freely admitted to the profession.

After forming a committee and as the result of lengthy correspondence with ecclesiastical authorities in Great Britain and India, she, being then seventy-two years old, traveled at her own expense to India and investigated matters on the spot; one of the results being the foundation of the hospital at Rawal Pindi in 1908. To staff this and other institutions which it was hoped would be founded throughout the land, she conceived the idea of getting some religious Order of women to specialize in medicine and send their fully qualified subjects to labor in the mission field in India and elsewhere. Many bishops, and more especially, the Indian hierarchy, were in full sympathy with her plan. She had an audience with the Holy Father and found him most sympathetic. She found a willing Order, the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and she returned to England to make a start. It was then that I made her acquaintance, for she finally determined that Cork, where I was then in charge of university matters, was the place for the house of studies for her Order of medical missionaries. There was no difficulty with the college over which I presided, nor with the hospitals nor the bishop of the diocese, and everything seemed to be going well when technical difficulties too painful to be alluded to, arose, and the matter—partly on account of the sudden death of the cardinal who had had it in hand—fell into abeyance, and shortly after Agnes McLaren died.

But the incident was not wholly without result. In some way or another a young Austrian lady had come to hear of these things and had formed a most ardent desire to become a medical missionary in India. It was a task presenting almost superhuman difficulties, for she must obtain a recognized British medical diploma. No doubt, the idea of Canada never entered her mind, and even there she would have had the same difficulty, having first to learn to speak and understand English. She not only mastered that difficulty, but having under advice decided to study under me in Cork, passed the necessary matriculation examination and came over to Ireland and commenced her medical studies. Then the war broke out, and she became at once "an alien enemy" and naturally an object of suspicion. Knowing her history, and a witness to her splendid industry, without

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any very great difficulty I was able to avert her detention in a camp and she was permitted to continue her studies under surveillance. She completed her course and is now medical officer of the hospital at Rawal Pindi. Her name is Dr. Anna Dengel—a lady known by this time, I hope, to many Americans, since she is now in the United States in the interest of the Indian missions. She needs money for her work, but she will admit that she needs workers even more than she needs money.

Just consider for the moment India only—there are many other lands where help is urgent, but India must serve as an example. There are some millions of women who can only be treated by a woman doctor. Protestant agencies—and let us give them all the honor that is due to them for their unceasing and successful labors—early saw the importance of this matter and their Zenana mission was a power even in my early Anglican days. There are some 800 medical missionaries in India and the Orient, generally attached to some Protestant body or another—and how many Catholic? Are there eighty? I greatly doubt it. Are there eight? I am not even sure of that. Whatever the number may be it ought to be enormously increased. Read what a nun in India says—

"I open the map of India and I find hospitals founded at Lahore, Allahabad, Benares, Patna, Bombay, and many other places. But they are Protestant hospitals—all honor to them! Only Catholics have no hospitals. Many medical women fully qualified are visiting the Zenanas, putting at the disposal of the poor Indian women their hardly-earned skill, devotion, and energy. But they are Protestant medical women. And again all honor to them! But shall we children of the Church stand listless and inert; we who share God's own treasures, who can carry into foreign countries not only skill and philanthropy, but also the riches of the true faith and the knowledge of the sacraments? There should be hospitals where patients of all creeds can be received. Yes, but we need hospitals too, where our own patients may be instructed in life-giving truth, and be baptised and helped at their last hour."

This ought to be a trumpet call to some young Catholic men and women, nor can the excuse be made that the conditions demanded by the government exclude those who have not studied in the British Isles. There is not for medical men or women educated in the United States the difficulty that Miss Dengel would have had as an Austrian subject. And here is a splendid and a most apostolic career open to men and women who may desire to serve the Church yet have no vocation to become a religious.

A superior general of a woman's Order, when visiting her houses in India, received a deputation of Indian gentlemen whose cry was—"Mother-General, we want Catholic women doctors in India."

Not India only, as I have already remarked—there are scores of other spots crying aloud for Catholic hospitals; for Catholic medical men, for Catholic medical women. In the United States and in Canada, Catholics have done more than their share in founding hospitals. Those hospitals are bonded together in the Catholic Hospital Association. If each hospital in this organization, which is also a clinical school, would send one man and one woman per annum into the Catholic medical mission service, the vacancies now crying aloud to be filled would no longer exist. Is not that a great opportunity?

The Canadian student has no difficulties, for his qualification is registrable in Great Britain and carries him all over the British empire. Nor are the difficulties for the American doctor great—and if anyone wants to know how they may be surmounted, let him apply to Dr. Paluel J. Flagg, at 410 East 57 Street, New York City. Further, if anyone wants to know what has been done and what remains to be done, let him read Catholic Medical Missions, edited and compiled by Floyd Keeler, a fascinating account of what has been and is being done.

A Young Girl's Grief

O, Donal og, if across the great sea you should go;
I will rise up and go with you, if you will but have it so,
And you shall have love and a sweetheart for fair days and market days,
And the high king's daughter of Greece will envy me both your love and your praise.

You promised me once this promise, a task would be hard for you,
A ship of gold 'neath a silver mast with only ourselves for crew,
Twelve towns with a market in each, with music and laughter and glee,
And a band of maidens to tend me in a fine white court by the sea.

Another promise you promised, a thing that no man could do—
You would give me gloves of the skin of a fish, blue as the sea is blue,
You would give me shoes of the skin of a bird with plumage as white as milk,
And finer than ever was spun in Ireland, a robe of the dearest silk.

When I come to the well of Loneliness, I sit by myself and think
Of love that is frail as the bubbles there at its crystal brink,
And I call on the mountains to listen, on the hills to hear my prayer,
That my blessing may follow the boy of my love with the amber shade on his hair.

You have taken the east from me, you have taken the west,
You have taken the joy was before me, and left grief behind in my breast.
You have taken the moon, you have taken the sun, you have taken the light from the sea,
And the fear of my soul is, O, dear Gold Head, you have taken God from me.

Translated from the Erse by CATHAL O'BYRNE.

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THE SPIRIT OF LAURENCE HOUSMAN

By KATHERINE BRÉGY

THINGS—by which I am afraid one means authors, chiefly—are not so simple as they used to be for the literary interpreter. It is not enough for him, or peradventure for her, to keep dutifully in mind the "conscious," the "subconscious" and the "superconscious:" sooner or later will come along a muse with at least an octagonal personality, like the muse of Mr. Laurence Housman.

It was hard enough, at first, to reconcile the side that produced a series of entirely exquisite fairy tales with the side which was responsible for suffrage tracts and political satires of slightly radical flavor. Then came the hidden side, eventually forced to confess itself perjured penman of An Englishwoman's Love Letters—the side that wrote, with Granville Barker, such delicious dramatic fantasies as Prunella —the other side which was candidly a poet of pessimism and sensual love. And finally, increasingly to the fore during the past few years, there was and is the Catholic side.

Let it be announced at the start, if there is need of such announcement, that the versatile Englishman in question (brother of A. E. Housman, the Shropshire Lad) is not personally a Catholic. He described himself once as a mystical pragmatist: which, as du Maurier remarked of another aphorism—"is pretty but I don't know what it means." In the present instance, however, I suspect. I think it means a poet who is strongly attracted aesthetically to Catholicism, who uses the Catholic viewpoint, even the Catholic vernacular whenever he finds that it "works" into the general interpretation of life as he sees it—but who does not acknowledge its authority, and would feel quite free to use any other mystical or symbolic system if it appeared to "work" better.

There are a good many such poets in the world today, and not all of them write. Laurence Housman himself summed up their credo with rather beautiful boldness when he declared in the London Daily Mail —"I feel that there is working through the present day a great intellectual Catholic renaissance—a recognition not so much of the dogmatic truth as of the imaginative beauty of the Catholic presentment of Christianity." That was back in 1902, in his distinguished and devastating Reply to the Censor. For it happened that that British functionary had just forbidden further performances of the Housman Nativity play, Bethlem—presumably because it was so long since he had seen a religious drama professionally performed that he mistook it for something "sacrilegious." We have traveled a long way since then, theatrically: but the widespread revival of miracle play and mystery which has been a part of the Christian reaction in our recent literature, has produced no more satisfying mingling of poetry, spirituality and picturesqueness, than Mr. Housman's little drama. He did not, as he said, desire to give any "naturalistic" or "realistic" treatment of his holy theme—but rather to concentrate into symbolic drama "the love and delight and wonder which have come to be associated with Christmas." So his shepherds and kings recite the Ave in Latin, Lady Mary blesses with the sign of the cross, and the whole action might be transferred to the jeweled window of a mediaeval cathedral.

Bethlehem was not the first Catholic experiment of its highly experimental author. Some years before he had published Spikenard, a little volume of "devotional love poems" which were really love poems and really devotional; a few years later he contributed the St. Frideswide episode to the Oxford pageant of 1907. Also there was a Pageant of Our Lady, which, if it tried a little too hard to recapture the gladsomeness of the old religious festa, succeeded very exquisitely in ringing the changes upon divine and human love. And now, in three recent volumes, Laurence Housman comes forward again as poetic champion of Catholic themes and of the "beauty of holiness."

His Little Plays of Saint Francis (eighteen in all!) are a rather ambitious attempt to build up for modern readers and players a "dramatic cycle from the life and legend of Saint Francis of Assissi." Beginning with a somewhat riotous scene from Francesco Bernardone's youth, and one from his Perugian imprisonment in which the future Saint devides his ransom money between a friend and an enemy, the gradual transmuting of the young troubadour into the liegeman of Poverty and of Love is traced. Then follow the gathering together of the first brethren; Francis's conversion of Brother Wolf (whom Mr. Housman interprets humanly, as a fierce highwayman of the country-side); his visit to the lepers and to the Sultan's camp; and the development, by a poetic episode called Sister Gold, of his theory of the evils of possession. The final movement of this Assissian symphony is in very minor key. Francis is found officially superseded by Brother Elias—the secret miracle of the Stigmata is set over against the growing formalism of the Order —then comes the Saint's ultimate kiss of Sister Death and Brother Sun. It seems a pity that the pathos and the sublimity of that forth-faring should have been marred by so much contentiousness; that, for dramatic purposes, Mr. Housman should have felt it necessary to stress so disenchantingly the imaginary conflict between friars and townspeople, the still more fictional disappointment of Francis when denied farewell from Sister Clare and Giacomina, and the appar-

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ent futility of his efforts to soften human hearts by the power of inviolate love. Most of all, the scene fails —as that mysterious scene on Mt. Alverno was predestined to fail—for lack of simplicity, both in matter and manner. But if this Franciscan cycle (perhaps because it is a cycle!) is not on the whole so radiantly successful as Bethlelem, nor as Mr. Chesterton's vital and heart-shaking little biography of the Poverello, it is none the less one of the really inspiring gestures of our contemporary poetry.

Almost more consistently fragrant are the four little plays recently issued under the title of Followers of Saint Francis. Here, in Cure of Souls, the Saint appears before Pope Honorius to plead with irrestible naïveté for the Portiuncula indulgence; Lovers Meeting shows the one blessed tryst between Brother Giles and King Louis of France; in The Fool's Errand one meets again the ever-priceless (and in Mr. Housman's treatment rather Hibernian) Brother Juniper, setting out alone for Rome to beg the lifting of Brother Elias's excommunication; while in The Last Disciple it is the lowly leave-taking of Brother Leo—a scene of dreamy poignancy—where the aged, faithful lover of Francis carries broken memories of the Poverello's words into his farewell to Brother Time.

"The figure of Saint Francis is to me so overpoweringly beautiful, so literally compelling in its stimulus to thought and emotion, that I cannot promise to write no more Franciscan plays," Laurence Housman declares in his preface to Followers of Saint Francis. There is more than one addition to the series which ought to find warm welcome. One wishes, while he was about the work, that he had made more of the gracious idyl of Saint Clare. And how he ever missed recasting the lovely, familar preaching to bird and beast it is hard to conceive, since animal lore and animal love abound through all his poetry and prose. Indeed, they penetrate warp and woof of All Fellows and the Cloak of Friendship—that rare collection of symbolic tales which are the latest fruit of his pen. Each one is the story of some evil done, and then undone by the power of love: and in almost every one there is a Catholic, mediaeval setting, and an underlying, mystical motivation which trembles between beauty and irony. Together they build up a pageant of tender and somewhat mournful loveliness—the story of the Truce of God, which the hermit won through the death of his beloved young hunter; the story of the Merciful Drought and the miraculous Troubling of the Waters; the story of the little Love Child, christened at midnight by a priest led thither through the urgency of ox and ass. . . .

Perhaps the two most memorable are The Cloak of Friendship and The King's Evil. In the former we have the legend of the mysterious cloak, which should unite all men and all the creatures of God in friendship and peace, but which might be brought to completion only by the sacrifice of the harsh king's gentle brother. In the latter tale is a young king smitten with leprosy—yet because of his holiness, given grace to heal others, so that every feast-day, when he stole softly to hear Mass by way of the leper's window, women followed begging cure for their little children. And at last men forced the outcast back to his throne, where he reigned mercifully, and was "more loved by all than any king of sound body had been in the world before." There is in the final scene matter of piteous and penetrating drama—some such lyric drama as D'Annunzio and Debussy wove into their Saint Sebastian.

That exquisite story, with several in the same book, might have felt at home in the Golden Legend: but not quite "*all* fellows." For there is a curious, self-conscious dualism in Mr. Housman's allegories, not unlike the dualism of our modern life. In Damien the Worshipper it is love of the old, pagan Venus trying to supplant love of the Most Pure Virgin. In another tale it is paganism itself transmuted by a half-converted priest into a preparation for Christianity. And When Pan Was Dead shows us natural joy—the joy of the soulless fay defeating, then in turn defeated by, that curious supernatural joy which is half love of pain. The matter of these stories is delicate ground, even for a poet's treading, and often it is dangerous ground; and while Laurence Housman is no more daring than his mediaeval precursors, he has the disadvantage of speaking from without, while they spoke from within. A Catholic poet, even in very excess of conceit or of charity, would scarcely picture souls slipping up out of Hell "into the lowest room of Purgatory;" he would be unlikely to coarsen the little drama of Sister Clare with Juniper's somewhat heavy protestations of temptation; and he would certainly be saved the egregious confusion of describing Saint Francis's final breaking of bread with the brethren as a "Communion."

These are small stumbles, inevitable to one who, even with the greatest reverence for the "imaginative beauty" of Catholicism, has not also a faithful familiarity with its "doctrinal truth." More subtle and more sinister is the almost macabre consciousness of evil, of diabolism, which at moments so curiously colors his work. Is it but another dualism that, even while protesting in best Franciscan fashion that "Sister Sin is dead," the poet should be proving her alive and clothing her with the haunting beauty of jungle orchids?

Yet when all's said and all's done, the soul of the æsthete may be as well worth saving as the soul of the athlete—or the ascetic: and even toward Heaven men climb by way of their own tastes. It is a salutary thing that our contemporary art—the art which boasts Main Street naturalism on one side and psychological neuroticism on the other—should know the glamor of even a neo-Catholicism. But it can never be a wholly satisfactory thing: something—can it be what

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Patmore described as "poetical integrity?"—is lacking to both the spirit and the letter. Our hopes, we know too well, rise and fall with the certain uncertainity of the weather-vane. Love, too, has its "tidal times," its floods and ebbs, as Alice Meynell pointed out with delicate rightness. But faith—Catholic Faith—happens to be one of the things which cannot comfortably be put on and off like a cloak—not even like the Cloak of Friendship. It must be worn close, like the skin; for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health—till Death turns its other side, which is Sight. . . .

None the less, many a soul travels on to Truth by the lamp of her sister, Beauty. And it may very well be that all this wistful school of "artistic" and "imaginative" Catholicity will find its vindication, and its fulfilment, too, in the promise Laurence Housman years ago made part of his Christ to Cupid—

"Little wounds shall lead the way
Where at last My wounds shall stay."

PRINCIPALLY BURGOS, SPAIN

By DOROTHY HAIGHT

WE would have gotten started on the road to Burgos early in the day, had not Pacita, lazy little Spaniard, clung over time to her warm morning slumberings. And when she did get up there was the powder for her cheeks, the ointment for her eyebrows and all the other affectations which encroach upon the sedate hours of Father Time. There was, also, a head of bobbed and shingled hair to curl, though that, and we, her Yankee friends, were the sole modernisms in Pacita's little world. For the rest she ate the tough meat of provincial Spain, drank heavy wine, and every day went with her grandmother to Mass. Pacita prayed, as she admitted frankly, to San José that a husband might not be too long in asking for her hand.

Seeing Pacita suitors did not seem unlikely, for she was dainty yet and young, and from her indolently smiling face to patent-leather swaddled little feet, she was a graceful morsel who enjoyed the smallest pleasures that life brought her way. Pacita's life, you understand, had been the sheltered youth of Spanish girls, confined and uneventful, and so this whisking off to Burgos was an event. Not as to us, just one more excursion in the north of Spain, but an occasion for which the long black fringes of her shawl must be combed out—then combed again.

At last, however, we stowed Pacita and her adjuncts in the touring car, and took them off to see the world. Vineyard-bounded highway, parched and yellow meadows—fast, fast by cabins and by ancient ruins too. There are in Spain no laws to keep the motorist from going eighty miles an hour if his inclination, engine and the roads will so permit. The fact that roads are usually terrible and *don't* permit, does not subtract from the enlightenment of this: who says that Spain is primitive? What could be more progressive than permitting a free man to break his neck in such a fashion as he shall prefer? And if in some unlucky spurt he should annihilate an oxcart with its driver on the road—the ox, so said our Spanish chauffeur, is a stoic and proverbially unnervous animal.

It was late afternoon before we drew in sight of Burgos. It was a town, no village, huddled in the midst of amber plains, the spires and roofs of the Cathedral rising superbly grey across the sunset sky.

"Que es bonita! Que bonita!" cried our little guest, and we partook of her enthusiasm.

In Washington, or Paris, or Berlin we'll say—where buildings boom along the thoroughfares, a handsome church placed at the turning of some vista is to be expected, is it not? But in a little province of donkey-riding mayor and alderman (and donkey-riding bishop too, for all I know, though when I saw him he was walking dressed in red silk gloves, black pumps and soutane, and a pair of scarlet socks—it is the Bishop who *is* Burgos, by the way!) it is not so. In a locality like this, with wine in casks, down ancient alleys, weary old houses leaning on each other for support, would you expect to see a crashing of magnificence built in the very centre?—Gothic traceries in stone piled high into the clouds? Would even Monseñor's scarlet socks have led you to foresee a marvel such as this? Most seriously, what is one to do but echo reverently the mandate in the tourist guide—"Burgos Cathedral, one of the most beautiful in Spain and in the world."

The dusk had come before we drew up at the doors, and even on a level with our eyes we could not see the details of the delicate stone traceries which were profuse, pervading as ivy held up by an unseen hand. Only a pair of knockers held their own substantially against the fading day. They were the only ornaments upon the oaken doors, most gracefully conceived with crowns of thorns in bronze across the top.

Twilight without was almost total gloom within. Cathedrals in the dusk, I *like* them so! A vast idea of depth and height with red lights here and there, and oh, for Burgos those rose windows holding the reflections of the sky, poised like mammoth fairy flowers in the high gloom. . .

Chapels added at all angles to the aisles and transepts, yet even in the dusk the gaze and feet returning to the altar principal that has the master lamp. It was all of patterned silver, that rare sanctuary lamp, large as a man, with chains of silver filigree holding it sus-

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pended there. The red light in its centre reflected filigree medallions on the floor, including that most unpretentious slab where underneath the Cid lies sleeping in his tomb. Silence and quiet beauty everywhere. Even Pacita's soft excited squealings dwindled into naught. We tiptoed out to wait till daylight came for our return. . .

Burgos has only one hotel of any size—nor is that large in anything but price. For location it is optimistically parked en face a stable, where the horses of the Royal Cavalry are very much chez eux. The inner comforts of this inn have also been omitted with a thoroughness which, turned to better purposes, would make the Spanish nation great again.

The evening meal they put before us in the dining room was more austere than slender hopes—just cabbage, cauliflower and several grapes. And we were hungry too! In answer to our protests mine host informed us that there was no meat nor chicken in the house. For why? Por supuesto, because it was a fast day of the Holy Church! Would not Monseñor close his most ungodly hostelry should he cook meat on fast days for the guests! How would Monseñor know? Madre de Dios, because the Bishop kept himself informed of everything! So that was that.

Up to our rooms to pass the night. Quite clean and not unpleasant rooms save for the beds. I shall never quite forget that bed of mine. Placed on boards, the top and bottom of the mattress rose decidedly, while in the centre it collapsed on top of languid springs—such a wicked slump that sleep was impossible.

I lay and tossed in the hot night while through the open window came the laden atmosphere, the stamping and the whinneys of the most un-Royal Cavalry.

We got up early in the morning light. Even Pacita needed no coaxing to foresake her mediaeval couch. We went out and down the quaintly turning streets, past Isabella's house where she received Columbus; a brief stop to see the royal arms carved on the wall, then over the cobbles till we broke on the Cathedral Square.

The grey Cathedral of the afternoon before had put on whiteness and was gleaming in the morning sun. Worshippers were going up the steps to Mass—the black scarves of the women drifting from their heads were patches of real lace against the immovable stone lace work of the walls. High bells were ringing; the lower panels of the doors, swung back and forth to let the people in, gave exit to great bursts of organ music, which came into the square to be bereft of melancholy by the sun.

We went inside. Elaborate, graceful-lined, superb; tall bronze grills of delicate workmanship, chapels of marble and rococo; the long, narrow corridor with the Christ of Burgos hanging at the end; workmanship in gold and silver on tomb and votive lamp and crucifix; treasure beyond value everywhere; and finally the Dome of Burgos looking down upon it all.

That dome of filigree in stone is no mere covering to keep out rain! Surpassing the unsurpassable, it is to my mind finer than the ceiling of the Tudor Chapel in Westminster. To mention just one detail—the patterns of the carving are pointed at their terminations with gold-colored roses cast in bronze, and this completeness is symbolic of the thousand thoughtfulnesses delicately done that go to make up Burgos.

With grandeur one would not expect to find a "cosiness" as well. Imagine a cathedral intimate; yet it was so. Used-looking altars tucked round corners behind glass partitions; benches where there was no need of them; groups of step-lets going nowhere; turnings behind some pillar unexpectedly; all clean—for Spain, or even for anywhere. The wax figures in transparent coffins on the altar fronts were not more spotless in their silken shrouds than were the corners of these chapels. And from the splendor and haphazardness there came an atmosphere which made one feel at home. Even Pacita, counting out her rosary before a statue of her favorite saint—even Pacita, little native of the land, could not have felt more solemnly relaxed than we.

Now why should Burgos bring a memory of Chartres? Why did the ornate Gothic of the former seem to have more than a cousinship with chastely plain and whimsically Gothic Chartres? Such jolly statues live at Chartres—bishops in mitres, animals and rakish angels on the walls, and, on the tour de choeur the laughing mules and negrine features of the Magi—the Holy Infant giving to His smiling Mother an excited kick at all those funny playthings that the Kings have brought! In France; in France. . .

In Spain there are few Infants—rather livid crucifixes, that would make you wince for sorrow too; in Spain the Mother never smiles, but wears the Mater Dolorosa black—and in her outstretched arm, instead of Babe, a handkerchief to dry the tears the Seven Sorrows shed.

Oh, gay and optimistic Chartres—and Burgos typically Spanish—why compare a diamond with a gorgeous amethyst? Because, or I am wrong, a specially large share of "by the people, for the people" lurks in both.

April Skies

The thing I loved in the April skies
I scarcely knew until today
When I heard the wind in the garden say
'Twas the same I loved in a woman's eyes:
The blue of a morning undefiled,
And the grey of a mist, blown over the sea,
And the joyous wonder of a child,
And the sad lake's midnight mystery.
All these and more were in her eyes,
But I loved her best for the brooding care
That her heart of sorrows showed me there—
The care the wind sweeps out of the skies.

WILLIAM WALSH.

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THE HARVARD OVERSEERS

By ROBERT GRANT

(As The Commonweal published an article by Walter Prichard Eaton in its issue of December 17 containing certain statements to which Judge Robert Grant takes exception in the April 2 issue of the Harvard Alumni Bulletin, in pursuance of its policy to state both sides of questions discussed in its pages, The Commonweal quotes Judge Grant's article in full. —The Editors.)

"THE rumor has been rife for upwards of a dozen years that the Board of Overseers is a materialistic body out of sympathy with the humanities, for the reason that it is mainly composed of 'narrow-minded Bostonians' and Wall Street bankers or corporation lawyers. This taunt, which originated in print in New York City under non-academic auspices eager to expose shortcomings at Harvard, ran its course only to be periodically revived to split the ears of groundlings. It remained, however, for a Harvard graduate mature enough to know better to write in The Commonweal for December 17 the following, which was reprinted in the Bulletin for January 1—'The overseers of Harvard are as a class typical of the aristocracy of corporate wealth, of big business, and of the Back Bay. Like all such men, they know little or nothing of the hearts and desires of the common men and women of America, they have little or no understanding of the fine arts or of the need that lies in most of us to find aesthetic expression, and they are pompously full of dignity of tradition, that tradition of course including a somewhat puritanical contempt of the theatre.'

"Some tall grass, as the saying goes. It was written evidently under the influence of excitement due to the departure of Professor Baker, whom all of us were sorry to have go. But loyalty should have prompted its author before drawing so precise an indictment to make sure of his facts. In his excellent article in the Bulletin of March 26, Langdon P. Marvin, '98, himself an overseer, lays stress on the importance of knowing what one is talking or writing about in these words—'Every Harvard man has a right to his own independent views as to the University, or its acts or failures; he has a right to make suggestions and to criticize; but he will be much more helpful if his suggestion and criticisms are cheerful and constructive, and frankly expressed to the University, rather than to the public, and if he withholds public criticism at least until he is sure of his facts. To rush into print without knowledge of his facts is obviously unfair and often harmful to the University.'

"Now I do know the facts concerning the composition of the overseers. I was on the board during four terms of six years each between 1895 and 1922. As I ceased to be a member three years ago, I feel free to stigmatize the excerpt quoted from The Commonweal as perversely erroneous. Perversely because the alumnus who penned it had merely to consult the Harvard University catalogue for any of the last twenty years to ascertain how wide his statement was of truth. Even as to the charge that the board is a Back Bay institution (for which there was some color thirty years ago) out of its thirty members (exclusive of the president and treasurer of Harvard College) in the year 1895 when I was first elected, there were five from New York City and one each from Chicago, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. As for lack of sympathy with the humanities and a preponderance of big business, the names of William Lawrence (not then a bishop) Robert S. Peabody, the eminent architect, Theodore Roosevelt, James C. Carter, and Moorfield Storey could be supplemented three years later by George Frisbie Hoar and George A. Gordon. On the list of the next decade, the years 1904-06, we find Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Justice William Caleb Loring, Chief Justice Mitchell of Pennsylvania, Charles S. Fairchild, Professor William Watson Goodwin, the eminent Greek scholar, and William Everett, none of whom could seem utilitarian in his outlook save to a person who regards all distinguished men as enemies of learning.

"Yet those were the days when only holders of the A.B. and A.M. degrees and recipients of honorary degrees were privileged to vote for overseers. For half a generation the storm centre in the board was the extension of the suffrage to the scientific and graduate schools. So fiercely did the contest rage that when the friends of progress won in the board by a narrow margin, the conservatives were able for a time to block the needful legislation on Beacon Hill. How skilfully does the whirligig of time bring about its revenges. When at last, on January 16, 1916, the board of overseers adopted the concurrent vote already passed by the corporation giving suffrage to graduates of all departments of the University, the ballot in favor was unanimous, and I remember hearing Dr. Gordon whisper to President Emeritus Eliot, who was then an overseer—'The building rose without the sound of a hammer.'

"Coming down to the present time, what does tabulation from the University catalogue for 1924-25 reveal as to the present board of overseers? To begin with, seventeen members out of the thirty live outside New England. What becomes of 'narrow-minded Bostonian' tradition? To business pure and simple, including the New York manager of the Associated Press, and bankers of international or national distinction, only six can be credited by the most liberal construction. The rest follow other callings. The law claims seven, including two judges, one of the federal, one of the juvenile court. Three are clergymen; two of these, Brent and Slattery, bishops, and Dr. Drury, who is also the headmaster of Saint Paul's School. Four are physicians, Bradford, Gage, William S. Thayer of Johns Hopkins, and Derby. One is a distinguished architect, Charles A. Coolidge, and another, the chairman of the National Commission of Fine Arts, and Charles Moore (of Washington) who would seem to know something 'of the hearts and desires of the common men and women of America,' and possibly a little more besides. Four are in public life, including the Assistant Secretary of the National Treasury,* a Congressman, the late Treasurer and Receiver-General of Massachusetts and the late Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts. In letters there are Owen Wister and Ellery Sedgwick of the Atlantic Monthly, and Harry James, 2d, who is also a lawyer. One scientist, George R. Agassiz, completes the list.

"Nothing is so easy in this life as to spatter mud or cavil. There has been a good deal of loose talk on the subject of the board of overseers and one constantly has to listen (often with weariness) to counsel of perfection when the annual printed list of suggestions appears. But let me ask again—would it be easy to improve on the list of men now in office? To be sure, it might be preferable—in the sense that they would be able to give more time to the duties—if more mute inglorious

**Eliot Wadsworth, '98 has resigned this office since this article was written.*

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Miltons were chosen instead of men of wider reputation. But the difficulty is that the voters, alumni, fail to elect them; they prefer to vote for candidates whose names and activities are familiar. The committee to suggest names has frequently tried the expedient only to find that men especially picked for the job fall by the wayside because they are not sufficiently well known.

"Then again, some have urged that every section of the country should be categorically represented—never without a representative, as in the United States Senate. In the opinion of the writer, that way madness lies. As has been shown, more than one-half of the present board come from outside of New England, from various parts of the country. It is to be remembered, however, that, although the overseers from remoter sections are assiduous in their attendance, the long journey involves some sacrifice and is frequently made to small purpose, as it is difficult to forecast when the important questions will arise. Much of the active committee work has to be done by men who live within twenty-four hours of Boston. Yet when all is said and done, Harvard graduates should bear in mind that the composition of the board rests entirely in their own hands. The men elected to office through the postal ballot which reaches every alumnus are those who get the most votes. If the malcontents are dissatisfied, let more of them take the trouble to vote. Even with the complete extension of our suffrage, only 30 percent of those qualified sent in their ballots last year. This proportion ought to be doubled. If it is not, it must be because the mass of the alumni realize that, taking one year with another, the choice of those voting has generally been excellent."

COMMUNICATIONS

JOHN CADWALADER

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—The death of John Cadwalader of Philadelphia, at eighty-one, emphasizes the definite passing of a phase of American development interrupted by the civil war and partially destroyed, surviving to our day only in a few outstanding individuals like him: patrician America. He and his type were not borrowed from any European aristocracy; they were a native American product, a true aristocracy, assuming duty and responsibility for the privileges they possessed,—privileges that our wealthy self-reliant present day America strives for and cannot have, for we have destroyed the conditions which called them into being.

There are many Americans whose ancestors have lived in America for 250 years; that in itself is not the explanation of the patrician type. In that period there has been surely ample opportunity for all to profit equally from the enormous freedom of America. Individuals have emerged from the ruck to splendid eminence; we have had our Lincolns. In different wise we have, every day, our farmer lads achieving the doubtful distinction of bank presidents. The bulk of our American citizenship has come to us through misfortune and misery. People in these past 200 and more years were moved to try the new world because they were unhappy at home, broken and oppressed, or hampered in some way in their aspirations. In many cases the act of seeking asylum here was perhaps the upflare of the last spark of energy in a beaten man, and it has taken all this period of dormant germination to prepare for new growth. Tradition being in so many cases unpleasant, we have cast aside the traditions of our former homes nor cared to form them new.

There are but few families whose members during all that time, from their first landing, have led their communities, have found themselves almost automatically holding positions of public trust in every generation—as Mr. Cadwalader and his fathers have been trustees of the University of Pennsylvania in unbroken line since 1751, as they have held high civic office since early colonial days—have left in each succeeding generation new impress of their influence and character upon their neighbors and fellow citizens. Not many even of these can still hold their own ideals against the new arrogant growth of enormous unaccustomed wealth, against the "unconscious insolence of the conscious rich."

Our education today does not fit us to take high place in the community regardless of great wealth. One notes with interest that men of Mr. Cadwalader's type and achievements in business and in the professions were all, until their university years, educated in small schools or at home "by private tutors," in close contact with their fathers and their fathers' friends, hearing the vital questions of politics, ethics, business and the law discussed by men who at each stage of our national growth had an active and directly personal part in the shaping of our destinies, in making our country the ideal country for the people who now own and enjoy it. Patricians they were, in the strictest sense, these men, and yet does not their rôle in our making express exactly the highest aspiration of our democracy? Wealth came to men like John Cadwalader as a matter of course, as it did to George Washington, to the Adams men, to all the men of that type and class, and wealth was used by them as a matter of course. It was not the main object, still less the sole object. Wealth was given exactly its right place and its right relation to the ideals of the spirit.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—By way of correcting any false impressions that might have been conveyed by a friendly reference in your issue of March 18 to a so-called schism in the Christian Science church, started by Mrs. Annie C. Bill, please permit me to state that Mrs. Bill's inconsequential activities in no sense constitute a schism in the Christian Science movement. The facts are: there is nothing new in the present effort of Mrs. Bill and her associates to start a religious organization patterned somewhat after the mother church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass. Mrs. Bill withdrew from the Christian Science organization some time previous to the passing on of the discoverer and founder of Christian Science, Mary Baker Eddy, in 1910, since which time Mrs. Bill has at various times and in numerous places attempted to start some kind of a religious organization of her own. Incidentally, there never has been a time in the history of the Christian Science movement when its growth was more substantial and its membership more united than at present.

CHARLES E. HEITMAN,
Christian Science Committee on Publication.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Fall Guy

IT must be difficult for an actor to write a good play—and about three times as difficult for two actors to write a good play. In Is Zat So? James Gleason and his collaborator managed to perpetrate about as bad a play as the current season has given forth. As a character study and as a sort of continuous vaudeville, it is supremely good, but as a play it is no more than a series of incidents strung together for the obvious purpose of giving the two leading actors a chance for their personal stunts. Now Mr. Gleason comes forward with another play, this time in collaboration with that splendid actor, George Abbott. The Fall Guy is a better play than Is Zat So?, but, once more, the chief entertainment value springs from incident and character It is another comfortable and amusing slumming trip personally conducted by the authors. If you doubt this, count the number of dinner coats and luxuriant evening wraps in the audience. One half of the world is out to see how the other half lives and talks.

Ernest Truex, Ralph Sipperly and Beatrice Noyes are the able exponents of how to live and eat on 300 words a year—gorgeous, colorful words, culled from the incipient American language and to be found in no published dictionary, direct, pungent and adequate to all occasions. The plot is all about a young husband out of a job who takes up with bootlegging as an interlude, finds he is being used as a cat's paw to transport dope, and then, recalling that his father was once a policeman, summons the courage to expose the gang and win a job in the postal secret service. The only value of the plot, of course, is to keep Messrs. Truex and Sipperly and Miss Noyes on stage as much as possible, and to furnish them an excuse for the emotional ups and downs that instigate the aforesaid torrent of pure New Yorkese.

That is reason enough, however, for being grateful to the plot. This mixed trio is almost as delectable as the male duet of Is Zat So? Mr. Sipperly as the brother-in-law and ex-truck driver with a fresh passion for the saxophone exhibits an astonishing veracity, as closely in tune with life as his saxophone is out of tune with everyone's nerves. Mr. Truex has mastered the new language with unbelievable perfection—not a trace left of the Six Cylinder Love accent of yore. Miss Noyes as Bertha Quinlan is so adept that I am afraid she is doomed never to play a society rôle—so keen have our commercial managers become to keep talented actors to "type." She has a way of shoving the garbage-can into the dumb-waiter that may ban her forever from sipping stage cocktails at a Long Island dinner party. The Fall Guy is good entertainment—which is more than we can say for many plays of greater "adult" appeal, as The Stagers would put it.

Two Masterpieces at the Neighborhood

THE most stimulating spot I have found on New York's theatrical map—not even excepting the Actors' Theatre and the Theatre Guild—is the Neighborhood Playhouse. It is a real dramatic workshop, gifted with considerable inspiration, a delicious humor, and kind enough to its audiences to furnish a comfortable little theatre, modern and well ventilated, where you can watch productions of rare beauty and finish without an aching spine or a sense of martyrdom for Art's sake. There is always a grateful spontaneity to the Neighborhood productions—something of the gusto of the amateur combined with the discipline and perfected detail of the professional. They get their effects, sometimes amazingly beautiful, without straining after them. There is none of the self-conscience artifice of Greenwich Village. Instead you find a sort of undaunted sincerity.

They are now presenting a double bill of singular interest, comprising a mediaeval interlude called The Legend of the Dance, and a dance satire in three parts known as Sooner and Later. In both you will find a delicacy of touch, an artistry of rhythm and an effectiveness of setting to be matched nowhere in New York. The mediaeval legend manages somehow to recapture the full delight of that childlike intimacy with the celestial hierarchy which was the glory of its age. When the saintly Musa, who sacrificed her love for dancing in this life that she might dance forever in eternity, finds herself at last in the court of Heaven, you begin at once to sense the beauty of other days when religion had not yet become the sombre shadow of Calvinism. The nine muses are permitted to enter the celestial regions for one day. In their gratitude they beg permission of the Queen of Heaven to sing a song which they have been secretly practising in less favored regions. The song chosen is a hymn, beautiful in itself, but overcast with the sorrow of the vale of tears. The heavenly hosts begin to weep. Then Saint Cecilia comes to the rescue. Under her leadership, the mournful hymn changes rhythm. It becomes a flowing dance of worship through joy.

It would be imposible in few words to convey the full charm of this interlude—its singular combination of delicate reverence with irrepressible comedy. There is the matchless moment, for example, when the industrious Martha presides over the heavenly banquet, serving first some delicious gruel to the hungry little cherubs. She wears her very best apron for this ceremony! Again there is the tender and lovely song with which these cherubs greet the appearance of Mary. For those solemn apostles of doubt who believe that real poetry and beauty can flow only from scepticism and neurotic fancy, the Legend of the Dance will be a rude disillusionment. To everyone else it will be a joyous tonic.

The second part of the program is one of the most biting satires I have had the pleasure of seeing. It is, in the words of the program note, an attempt "to picture in music, movement and color, a fantastic slant on three states of existence." The first of these is the tribal state; the second, the complex currents of a modern city, in which all the workers are pictured as mechanical puppets; and the third a supposed future state where men, as a result of present conditions and particularly the attempt to over-perfect everything through science, have become crystallized.

Quite aside from the novelty and beauty of the form in which this idea is presented, the idea itself is worth more than passing comment. It is distinctly refreshing in this age of the deification of science and mechanical perfection to find someone with enough courage to see its slow hardening of the soul. The second episode, while clever enough in execution, is fairly obvious. For years we have sensed the immediate

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dangers of a mechanical age, the case-hardening of the soul through over-specialization, and the inevitable recourse to jazz for relaxation. But the third episode, in which we behold men as animated crystals approaches a real height of creative fancy. It gives one something of that frigid awe inspired by the sight of fossilized leaves in the Arctic circle. I remember once stumbling across such a fossil in the glacial wastes of Spitzbergen, a little more than ten degrees from the Pole. It was, if I remember correctly, an oakleaf—a mute object that had once known a burning summer sun, before eternal ice crept over the polar seas. Is this to be the effect of too much science and too great a mechanical perfection on the souls of men—a turning away of the hot sun of life, leaving us but fossils of our former selves, crusted with glittering crystals?

The thought is a stimulating if disturbing one—and it is one more credit in the books of the Neighborhood theatre that one of its own directors, Miss Irene Lewisohn, should be the author of the satire carrying so bold a thesis.

The tribal episode is conceived more or less on the lines of the familiar Russian ballet technique, but with a distinct American Indian influence. In its splendid rhythm and dash, it has much the quality of Prince Igor. But it has, too, a sense of the poetry of unfettered nature, of the sheer beauty of dawn on the plains and of primitive dignity which its Russian counterpart lacks. In stage setting, in grouping, and in accelerating rhythm, it is one of the finest numbers of its kind I have seen.

Miss Lewisohn's ballet is satirical and logical. It does not allow for human revolt. It swings into the future as if we traveled on a tangent instead of on a spiral. This is of the essence of all satire, to prove the danger by the extreme and the absurd. The third episode thus becomes inevitable. Crystal figures against a background of convulsive light thrown by that modern marvel, the color organ. Once more the analogy to the frozen north, where the brilliant Aurora plays over silent ice.

When Choosing Your Plays

Candida—Splendid acting.
Cape Smoke—A well-acted melodrama of the African Veldt.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
Is Zat So?—The triumph of two characters and a very human theme over a poor plot. A splendid comedy.
Loggerheads—A delightful tragi-comedy of Irish life.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Old English—A portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss.
Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Quarantine—An unwholesome comedy.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
The Blue Peter—Only moderately interesting.
The Dark Angel—A play of atonement and self-sacrifice.
The Fall Guy—Reviewed above.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
The Student Prince—One of the best of the musical plays.
The Wild Duck—Ibsen's self-revealing drama superbly directed and acted.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

BOOKS

Our Changing Morality, a Symposium, edited by Freda Kirchwey. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

THIS book is only shocking in spots; but it is irritating almost throughout. It is perverse and querulous. Withal, it gets nowhere. The title is, on the fair meaning of words, a misnomer. Sex, not morality in any broad sense, is the subject of the fifteen essays, reprinted from the Nation, which make up the volume, and immorality would have been a better word to use than morality; but then there is nothing specially indicative of change in the views advanced. Free-and-easy-divorce and bi-sexual laxity are not new aberrations, unfortunately.

With one exception, the papers do not come from pens of great distinction. The authors are more or less shining lights in what is called "the intelligentsia" in the slang of the day. Men and women, they hold respectable positions in colleges or research organizations and they have written books which have caused gasps and won plaudits in limited and special circles. In the present utterances, they seem, as a rule, a bit timorous. With one or two marked exceptions, it is hard to grasp what they are getting at, what they think the new morality is or what they would like it to be. Underlying much of the talk, which quite consciously avoids becoming wild in the case of a majority of the writers, there lurks a hankering after monogamy, which is quite suggestive to readers between the lines. True, it is sometimes only conditional monogamy. But that the human pair is not only the ideal of nature but the achievement of progress, is recognized in more than one of the most thoughtful of the essays. Such a concession, even though grudging, would seem to be significant.

The most widely known name in the list is that of Bertrand Russell. Nothing is too hot or too heavy for Mr. Russell and often he has something to say that is worth while. A few months ago he published a short book on the A. B. C. of the Atom and it was both authoritative and illuminating. But he is a mathematician, and the cobbler should stick to his last. his essay on Styles in Ethics is about as satisfying as might be a treatise on quadratic equations by Thomas-à-Kempis. He is at some unnecessary pains to prove that odd and erroneous ideas have prevailed as to morality at various places and times. "Morality has varied," he says, "as economic systems have varied, lagging always about three generations behind. As soon as people realize this they find it impossible to suppose that the particular brand of marriage customs prevalent in their own age and nation represents eternal verities."

It takes very little logical skill to see that this is a non sequitur. Comets come and go, climes and seasons vary, but the earth always moves 'round the sun in 365 days. In other words there are things which change and others which are permanent. In its details, Mr. Russell's reasoning is often totally untrue, or at best deals only with local and temporary conditions. He quotes a friend to the effect that some American college boys consider "Sabbath-breaking worse than lying," and love outside marriage—he puts it more broadly—"more wicked than murder." On the whole, this may be classed as a picturesque exaggeration for dialectic purposes. But the citation of some extremes of Japanese ancestor-worship and of totemic taboos is more valid as establishing the mixture of curious vagaries in the mass of unstrained human beliefs. But there are some things which are not vagaries. Mr. Russell himself admits, at least inferentially, that murder and theft

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and falsehood are really wicked and injurious acts. Why should not abuses of marriage, or the mating instinct in human beings, be equally obnoxious to morality? To the mind which looks at the question at a right angle, the Ten Commandments seem to have quite similar sanctions in practical utility as well as in sacred tradition.

But Mr. Russell says—"There is no evidence that existing marriage laws, particularly where they are very strict, serve any social purpose." Here is where he is in a minority—still a small minority—of students of life. But has he anything better to offer? Has he anything but a destructive program to present? Well, he says—"Relations between adults who are free agents are a private matter, and should not be interfered with either by the law or by public opinion." This is plain enough; it is a proposal to launch the world on the uncharted sea of libertinage and promiscuity, without peace or decency in the present, or even economic security in the future. The program offers us a contemporary generation of cabaret civilization and succeeding ones of state, which presumably means asylum, upbringing. "When children are involved, the state becomes interested to the extent of seeing that they are properly educated and cared for. . . . But neither the state nor public opinion ought to insist on the parents living together if they are incompatible."

Mr. Russell thinks that while "popular morality lays down rules of conduct," the morality that ought to exist would lay down ends of life rather than rules of conduct." But at this point we may be tempted to skip a few pages and glance at the chapter on Virtue for Women by Isabel Leavenworth, who is described as "an instructor in philosophy at Barnard College." Her discussion is devoted mainly to the so-called "double standard," which, it may be remarked in passing, exists neither in religion nor law, and she has this to say—"It would seem to be as undesirable as it is impossible to extend to men the traditions and restrictions which have so long governed women. Does anyone really wish to have grown boys constantly accompanied and watched over by their elders? . . . Should we look forward to a day when a man will be judged as good or bad on the sole basis of whether he has ever had any irregular sex relations?" We are further told that "the notion of purity as lying in the abstention from a particular act except under prescribed circumstances has all the marks of a primitive taboo and none of the characteristics of a rational moral principle."

The authoress of the above does not go so far as to deduce the logical corollary. She says, however, that "while the most valuable experiences of love are, in general, to be found in the more lasting relations, it does not follow that society should prescribe for every one of its members a particular line of sex conduct." She further thinks that the world should be grateful that "young people are forming the habit of meeting the old problems in quite a new way—that is with the coöperation of the two sexes." Down with the chaperone and hurrah for the new freedom!

Beatrice M. Hinkle, M.D., who winds up the symposium, is more courageous, or at least more plain spoken. She also descants on the double and single standard. She is quite clear as to the downfall of the old ideals and has a reason to give—"It is easier to break down restrictions than to force them upon those who have hitherto enjoyed comparative freedom." The result is that "we see women assuming the right to act as their impulses dictate with much the same freedom that men have enjoyed for so long. The single standard is rapidly becoming a fait accompli, but instead of the standard identified with women, it is nearer the standard associated with men." A few conclusions accrue—"Women are for the first time demanding to live the forbidden experiences directly and draw conclusions on this basis. . . . There has arisen a feeling of moral rightness in the present conduct and wrongness in the old morality. . . . It has already produced the first condition of all conscious psychic development—a moral conflict—and woman has gained a problem. . . . It has at last become apparent to many women that men cannot redeem them."

There is a good deal of talk of book censorship, these days. Is it proposed that it shall include didactic outgivings of this type? To cool, judicious readers it may seem that such mere sensual licenses as may be found in Jurgen or Ulysses or books of that class, are harmlessly cloying in comparison with the rationalized propaganda which attacks the innocence of youth, the purity of womanhood and the sanctity of marriage in the name of freedom.

JAMES LUBY.

Leben Jesu in Palästina, Schlesien und Anderswo (Life of Jesus in Palestine, Silesia and Elsewhere) by Joseph Wittig. Munich: Kösel u. Pustet.

Knospengrund und Glasbergkinder, by Ruth Schaumann. Munich: Theatiner-Verlag.

Das Dornenwunder, by Enrica v. Handel Mazzetti. Kempten: Kösel u. Pustet.

Translations in German from Francis Thompson, by Theodor Haecker. Innsbruck: Brenner-Verlag.

Stimmen am Wege, by George Terramare. Vienna: Kösel und Pustet.

August Benziger, by Richard Braungart. Munich: F. Bruckmann.

THE literary activity of South Germany, intimately bound up though it is with a long and meritorious tradition, has never been more fruitful than during the past few years. Having exceptionally good newspapers and eminent, highly successful reviews at its disposal, the South German renaissance—which is at heart Catholic—has gathered a public as constant as it is discriminating and appreciative. Among the new books perhaps none is more deserving of attention than Joseph Wittig's Leben Jesu in Palästina, Schlesien und Anderswo (Life of Jesus in Palestine, Silesia, and Elsewhere). As the title may indicate, this volume strives to make the Gospel story imaginatively understandable by combining it with the ordinary incidents of modern life. An experience such as might have happened to any of us is sketched; with this as a starting point, the author proceeds to show what light is cast upon it by a similar incident in the life of Our Lord. His manner is so pleasant and yet so lofty that the book is certainly one of the most appealing volumes of meditation available.

The chapter which deals with Martha and Mary is particularly good: it settles a Scripture problem, distinguishes admirably between the mystic and the active life, portrays a splendid scene, and offers encouragement, without becoming even momentarily preachy, dull or commonplace. I should not be surprised if Father Wittig's book might some day be found more valuable than Papini's. He is both an excellent theologian and the master of a style which competent critics are comparing with the work of Richter and Stifter.

Religious life is to some extent the theme of two exquisite volumes of verse published by Ruth Schaumann under the titles Knospengrund and Glasbergkinder. The reader will remember that the greatest Catholic classic poet of Germany is a woman—A. von Droste-Hülshoff, whose work still awaits

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the recognition in English-speaking countries that is its due. Critics are now asking themselves, however, if she may not have found a worthy successor in Ruth Schaumann. This young woman, who has also gained an enviable reputation as a plastic artist, writes with a striking simplicity, depth, and religious confidence. Perhaps the following attempt to translate a stanza or two from her lyric, To Night, may serve to give some impression of her style—

The blackbird sings of slumber
Till dreams her brood and nest;
And while his sheep are silent,
The shepherd dog's at rest.
I fold my hands, still fearing
Your armies mustered round:
I tremble, then confiding
Earth sinks into a swound.

Do you tuck all men's spirits
As gently in as me?
Are others' errors covered
Like mine, with obloquy?
Against your heart you've crushed me,
Your arms about me furled. . .
Oh, merciful, have mercy
On all the aching world!

Gifted women are active in every field of letters these days. The appearance of a new novel by the celebrated Austrian noblewoman, Enrica v. Handel-Mazzetti, is an event of particular importance. Das Dornenwunder will add to her reputation. It is an historical novel dealing with German life of a hundred years ago. A political murder and other incidents create a fascinating background against which the reader follows the emotional interplay with a feeling that he himself is participating in the action. The book revives the spirit of romance. Handel-Mazzetti was practically the first Catholic novelist to have won the respect of all Germany. An English translation of her great stories of the religious revolution—Jesse und Maria, Meinrad Helmperger, etc.—is really something to await with eagerness. These books have the verve of Sienkiewicz, with an added profuseness of dramatic emotion.

Lovers of belles-lettres ought to be interested in Theodor Haecker's translations from Francis Thompson. Haecker, one of the most brilliant among the newer converts from modernism, is already well-known as a translator of Newman. He has now proved that the well-beloved Shelley and The Hound of Heaven will successfully stand the test of transportation into an alien tongue—a test which is given on very fair terms because of Haecker's fine insight and spirited German. His lengthy preface contains not only a masterly evaluation of Thompson, but also a discussion of religious poetry in general, and many apt verdicts on modern German verse. The Francis Thompson devotee will look long for something more valuable to add to his collection. I have never seen a keener summary of the true poet's relation to nature, to God, and to the language he employs.

Vienna has written much that we should hardly recommend; but the Viennese story-teller, George Terramare, author of an unusual if comparatively neglected historical novel dealing with the life of Sainte Jeanne d'Arc, has come to the fore with a volume of sketches more or less concerned with Saint Francis of Assissi and called Stimmen am Wege. A new book of Franciscan lore may seem a prospect devoid of much novelty. But Terramare has done a really unusual thing: his sketches are poetic and fanciful, letting us see the Poverello's career as it appeared to those in whose midst he walked. It would be difficult to find a volume which so perfectly combines an eloquent and exquisitely-wrought style with humble affection for the subject. One is reminded not a little of marvelous altar lace.

American lovers of art ought to be interested in Richard Braungart's monograph on the well-known portrait painter, August Benziger. The book, which contains an English text, is exceptionally rich with full-page illustrations of the painter's work. His busy career is fully, if somewhat apologetically, recounted in the book.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Czech Literature, by F. Chudoba. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.25.

THE term Czechoslovak stands for the two branches of the race—the Czechs, living in Bohemia, Moravia and a part of Upper Silesia; and the Slovaks, living in Slovakia: both are members of the great Slavonic people. Their name even at home is comparatively but a few years in use, and their history a long story of subjugation under the Magyars.

The real literature of these lands begins with the preachings and disorders that followed the preaching and death of John Huss. Professor Chudoba is a true Czech in his handling of this question and in the belligerency of his attitude regarding the restoration of Catholicism under Ferdinand II and III, and the masterly warfare of the Jesuits. He seems to regard the reformers as the only Czech patriots, and all activity against his brethren as alien and tyrannical.

We are on more philosophic grounds when the professor passes on to a discussion of purely literary subjects. The list of distinguished and gifted figures among the Czechs will astonish and enlighten English readers. Gelasius Dobner (1719-1790) and Josef Dobrovsky (1753-1829) are the great historical scholars and philologists of their people.

As literature, the works of the Czech novelists and poets seem noble and splendid in an exotic way: it is a very individual flowering, walled off from European influences, and must long remain a closed garden for English readers. Among the charming poems quoted by Professor Chudoba, The Grave Yard in the Song, by Jaroslav Vrchlicky (1853-1912) seems particularly fine—

"Nightingale, on whom in nights of splendor Hafiz was intent,
Where sing'st thou now?
Rose, o'er whom full often Dante, plunged in meditation bent,
Where bloom'st thou now?
Star of sweetness, unto whose dream-laden brightness from his cell
Tasso's woeful plaint was lifted and his thronging sighs were sent—
Where gleam'st thou now?
Heart, that out of flames wast woven, out of roses and of wine,
Heart of Sappho, whence by Eros lyric melodies were blent—
Where beat'st thou now?
Happy billow, that did'st ripple tenderly round Hero's foot,
When Leander, faint from swimming by the stormy waves was rent—
Where flow'st thou now?
Cast into the song your gaze, for there a mighty grave yard lies,
'Neath whose surface all the bodies of the gods by man are pent—
There weeps he now!"

THOMAS WALSH.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Pistis Sophia, literally translated from the Coptic, by George Horner. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

A WORK of deep interest to scholars is the version of the Gnostic documents known as Pistis Sophia translated directly from the Coptic. This work has been previously open to scholars in the Latin translation of Schwartze and Petermann (Berlin, 1851) and it has been generally held that the original documents are probably identical with the Questions of Mary on account of similarities in the interrogations. Pistis Sophia—Faith-Wisdom—forms a lengthy part of the Askew Codex dating from the fourth or sixth century, and this part seems to have been written in the second half of the third century. It describes the fall of the Aeon Sophia and her salvation by the Aeon Soter, with an outline of the Gnostic doctrine on the origin of sin and evil and the need of repentence. The value of the work in a study of the early struggles of Christianity can hardly be overrated. It shows "how these heretical schools needed to wring and twist Scripture for their purpose, how closely their teaching was linked with the Egyptian and other religions of the pre-Christian world, and how surely, in spite of some good and even noble elements, it was bound to end, as they did, in what the late Professor Tylor styled with justice 'one of the most pernicious delusions which ever vexed mankind, the belief in magic.'"

Theories of Memory, by Beatrice Edgell, M.A., Ph.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press. $2.50.

ANY work which seriously deals with the question of memory deserves careful consideration for that function is, if not the most, at least among the most fundamental topics with which philosophy has to deal. Miss Edgell's little book, without advancing any new theory, does give a very careful and useful summary of the opinions which have been put forward on this subject in the past with some stimulating criticism amongst which we are glad to find what seems a repudiation of the absurd claims of the behavioristic school so popular in certain regions today. This is a book which should find a place in many a library so that it may be handy for reference.

Why Jews Become Catholics, by Rosalie Marie Levy. New York: Published by the Author. $1.00.

THIS excellent little book, while highly propagandist in character, should prove of interest to all students of the growing intimacy between Jews and Catholics throughout the world. The psychologist, as well as the devoutly-inclined, will find in its pages much material of profit in solving one of the most important of the racial and religious problems that confront our newer civilization in the United States. The general tone of the volume is pious and not too controversial, nor warranted to offend readers of any religion or race.

Historical Terms and Facts, by Francis S. Betten, S.J. New York: Allyn and Bacon. $1.00.

THIS is an excellent little book intended to relieve teachers and ambitious students of the necessity of looking up in larger histories the explanations of points which in current history text-books can only be touched upon, while more copious elucidations would be desirable. The entries from Abbot to Witchcraft Trials have a general Catholic tone which will be of service in the presentation of facts in relation to the Church.

THE QUIET CORNER

***I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library.*—C. LAMB.**

It was obvious—no, rather audible—that Dr. Angelicus was slumbering. His eyes closed, and head resting on the wing of his great leather chair, his posture reassured Tittivillus, who dropped his duster and furtively took out his cross-word puzzle book.

Enter the Editor, surveying the Doctor sympathetically.

"No wonder," he whispered to his companion, Primus Criticus. "Look what he's been doing."

Strewn on the Doctor's table were all the spring book catalogues—a copy of a best seller and the unfinished pages of the review he was writing of it.

"Shh! I believe he is talking in his sleep," said Primus Criticus. "Would it be wrong for us to listen?"

"Not when he broadcasts his subconscious this way in a public place," replied the Editor. "Besides I've been wondering whether the book department wasn't getting to be too much of a strain for him. Perhaps if we listen, we shall know."

They tiptoed near the sleeper and waited. After a few unintelligible murmurs, he uttered the following broken sentences—

* * *

"The White Monkey walked down upper Fifth Avenue wearing The Green Hat on his head—boy's head—curly head—white, and tiger-tawny. As he passed the park, Little Aunt Emmie who was playing with The Boy in the Bush, remarked on seeing him that there was such a thing as The Mentality of Apes—else how could he have known the effectiveness of a green hat on a white head—boy's head—curly head—white, and tiger-tawny?

"Serenely The White Monkey pursued his way, and whom should he meet, coming out of the Plaza, but The Reckless Lady—she who once had been The Constant Nymph.

"He removed The Green Hat from his boy's head—curly head—white, and tiger-tawny, and asked her How To Stay Married, but she told him Anything But The Truth.

"She admitted—'There are Things I Shouldn't Tell, about How I Discovered America and what led to The Broken Bow and Arrowsmith. Yes, I have trod Ways that Are Wary.'

"He nodded his head—boy's head—curly head—white, and tiger-tawny, and they walked on together.

"'However,' she went on, 'whether or not By Intervention of Providence When We Were Very Young, you and I were thrown with The Quaint Companions—The Sea Hawk, The Enchanted Wanderer, and Simplicissimus the Vagabond. They were Wild Asses, and lived, as you recall, Three Flights Up.'

"'I cannot,' replied The White Monkey, 'get it out of my boy's head—curly head—white, and tiger-tawny, that it was The Man-Eater who said in the hospital when he was being operated upon for appendicitis—'O Doctor! Beggars of Life cannot live on Proteins and Colloidal Behavior.'

"When they had reached Forty-fifth Street, The Reckless Lady murmured—'These Women! How out of place Mrs. Meynell and Her Literary Generation seem now—and The Bishop's Granddaughter.'

"The White Monkey sneezed (for he had a cold in his

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head—boy's head—curly head—white, and tiger-tawny) and then replied—

"'To be sure, The Divine Lady is enough to put Mr. Godley Beside Himself. But you, my dear—you are—well, Beyond the Utmost Purple Rim.'

"For answer, she gave her Musical Laughs, and then said sweetly—'I see that The Invisible Woman has again come between us. However, here we are at the Grand Central Station. It would be nice to board a train and spend the week-end with Young Mischief and the Perfect Pair.'

"'I'm not up to it,' confessed The White Monkey.

"'Well, we might take a boat to Orphan Island, or The Isles of the Blest, washed by Waves of Destiny,' she suggested.

"'I always suffer from mal de mer on sea trips,' he whispered apologetically.

"'Well,' she continued, undiscouraged, 'perhaps we really could be more alone at R. F. D. No. 3.'

"Suddenly a thought entered The White Monkey's head—boy's head—curly head—white, and tiger-tawny.

"'I'll make inquiries at the information desk about trains,' he said. 'Wait here till I return.'

"He disappeared in the crowd, and then with a quick glance over his shoulder, bolted into the subway, and took the shuttle train for Times Square.

"So while The Reckless Lady waits, Youth Rides West, The Mental Agility Book tucked under his arm. . . . Youth Wins.

"'And I cannot help reflecting,' he said to himself as he emerged into Broadway, 'that The Green Hat should have been published by The Bodley Head—boy's head—curly head—white, and tiger- ———'"

* * *

"Angelicus," cried the Editor shaking the old man by the arm, "it's time to wake up."

"Have we exhausted the spring book lists yet?" asked Angelicus, starting up.

"Why no—but they seem to have exhausted you."

The Doctor settled himself again. "Then it isn't time to wake up," he murmured as he closed his eyes. "Sticks and Stones may break my bones, but book names make me sleepy. . . ."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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